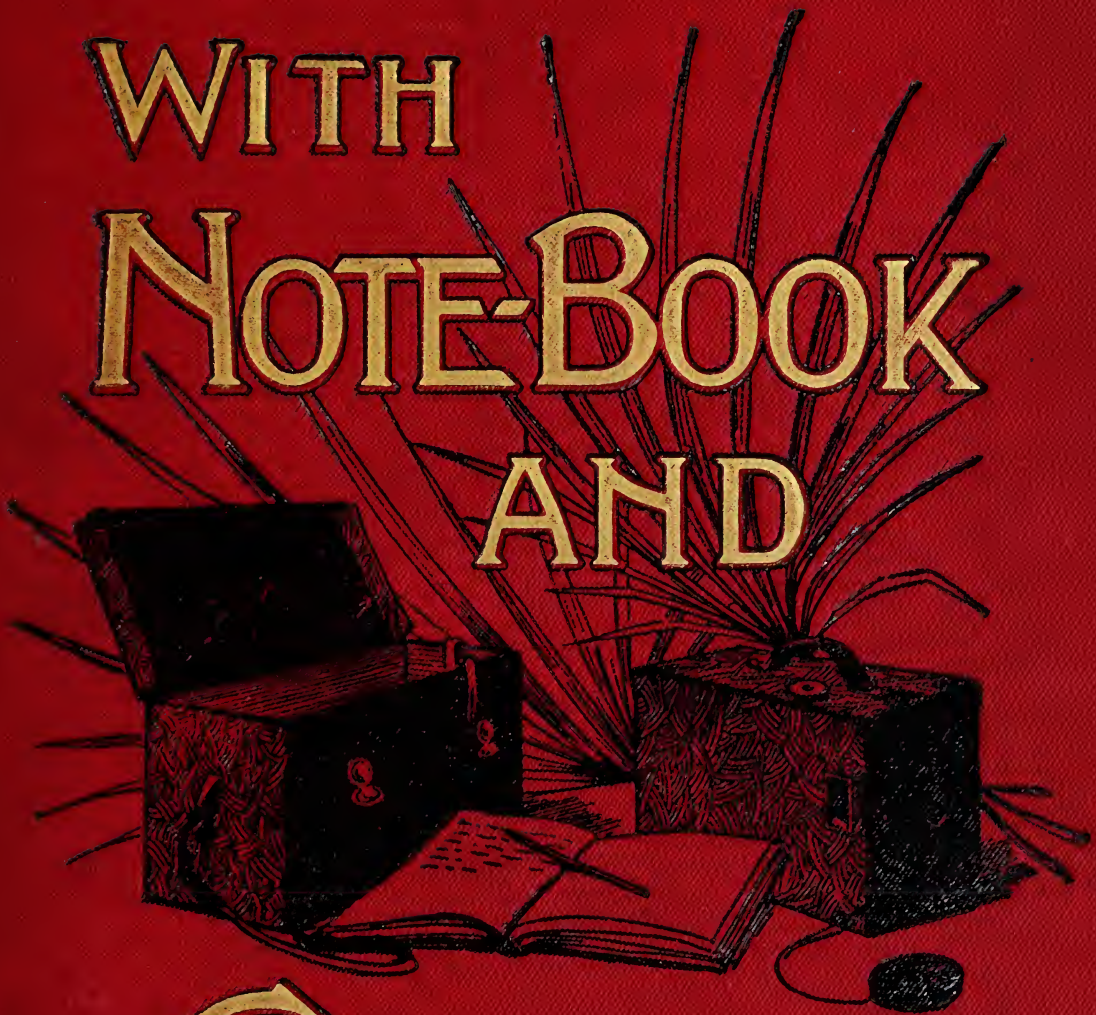
WITH NOTE-BOOK AND CAMERA.



Dorothy Porch

With love & best wishes from E. A. H.

Christmas 1900

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/withnotebookcame00bari

Two young Fakirs at Allahabad Mela, January 20th, 1900

With Note-book and Camera.

A WINTER JOURNEY IN FOREIGN LANDS.

BY

EDITH M. E. BARING-GOULD,

Author of 'With One Accord,'
'Ever Westward through Heathen Lands,' &c.

With Preface by

SIR W. MACKWORTH YOUNG, K.C.S.I.,

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF THE PUNJAB.

London:
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.
1901.

All rights reserved.

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON

PREFACE.

N ancient poet says that the evidence of the faithful eyes creates a deeper impression than any verbal description. And the writer of this little book, who now for the second time gives her personal experiences of mission work in foreign lands, in the hope of stirring the hearts of English boys and girls to a deeper interest in that work, fully realizes this. She has given us pictures—sun pictures as well as word pictures—of the scenes which impressed her most in her 'thought journey.' Most of these scenes are known to me; some are very familiar. I can testify that they are faithfully portrayed. The Kodak and the journal, like the slightly differing views of a stereoscopic slide, combine to throw them into strong relief, and the result is a truthful and lively picture of mission work in some of its most interesting aspects in Egypt, North India, and Ceylon.

These stories and pictures, these snapshots at the great mission-field, will help those who want to be helped to learn what God is doing in these lands; for it is His work, not man's, as that veteran missionary who has just passed away on the hilltop opposite me as I write—the Reverend Robert Clark—was always saying. When asked to write an autobiography of his forty-nine years' work in India he simply replied: 'I have written about the work, and I do not care to write about myself.' At the time of his death all England was ringing with the praises of the hero who for seven months so bravely held out at Mafeking against terrible odds. Mr. Clark 'held the fort' at Amritsar for seven times seven years, and, notwithstanding many discouragements and much opposition, saw the work prospering under his hand and throwing out shoots, like the great banyan-tree which he planted, of which mention is made in Chapter V.

There is a verse in the book of Revelation which says, in immediate connexion with the song of triumph about 'the Kingdom of our God and the power of His Christ,' that 'the devil is come down . . . . having great wrath because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.' I think the great enemy of our souls feels this about India, and is putting forth all his strength to interfere with the spread of the Gospel of the Kingdom. The time is a most critical one. The old systems are crumbling away under the influence of education and Western enlightenment, and the thoughtful part of the population is greatly drawn to the religion of the Christian Bible. But the enemy is doing his utmost to hinder the movement, and, as in the days of man's first temptation, he puts forward a plausible theory in place of God's 'neither is there salvation in any other.' To those who are finding out the hollowness of their systems he says: 'All that is good in the Christian faith is to be found in your own, if you will only purify it and restore its primitive simplicity. Why should you forsake the religion of your forefathers—a religion thousands of years old—for a new faith?' And, alas! he is able to point to the inconsistencies of Christians, and the failure of Christianity in many cases to affect their life, as an argument for trying something else. On all sides we see that this suggestion is taking effect. Extraordinary activity is manifested by the supporters of the false religions in throwing over untenable superstitions and absurdities, and in the attempt to rehabilitate the ancient creeds and show that, when reformed, they will satisfy the longings of the awakened soul.

We know that this effort will fail, and that Jesus 'must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet'; but the struggle will be a fierce one, and it may be prolonged. What will most contribute to a speedy victory for the truth? One thing, and one only—the manifestation of the Lord Jesus Christ in His love and in His power. And this manifestation must be by means of His servants, whether missionaries or others, old or young. For that let us all pray, and, as this little book reminds us in the last chapter, let us realize that we have a part in Christ's work. If He is manifested in our lives, we are His missionaries, though we may never visit heathen lands.

W. MACKWORTH YOUNG.

SIMLA: *August*, 1900.

Village Street, near Agra.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
	PREFACE. By Sir W. Mackworth Young, K.C.S.I.	v
I.	ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE	1
II.	SEED SOWING IN A MOSLEM FIELD	9
III.	RELICS OF EGYPTIAN GREATNESS	15
IV.	UNDER THE RAYS OF AN INDIAN SUN	26
V.	CHRISTMAS TIME IN AMRITSAR	36
VI.	HEALING AND PREACHING	44
VII.	IN FAR NORTH-WESTERN INDIA	55
VIII.	SOME INDIAN CITIES AND THEIR PAST	61
IX.	'MID SCENES OF DARKEST HEATHENDOM	71
X.	ON BOTH SIDES THE PURDAH	82
XI.	IN THE EMERALD ISLE OF THE EAST	89
XII.	MISSIONARY FOOTPRINTS ON ITALIAN SOIL	96

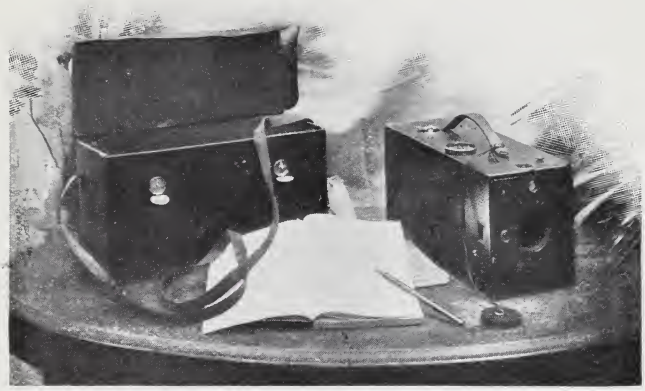
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

Two Young Fakirs at Allahabad Mela, January 20th, 1900 . . *Frontispiece*
Village Street, near Agra vii
My Kodak and Note-book . . . 1
Kantarah Station, and Lake Menzaleh . . 3
Camel Caravan at Kantarah . . . 4
Egyptian Water-wheel 6
Nile Banks. Cairo in the Background . 7
Street in Old Cairo 9
Shops in Old Cairo 11
In the C.M.S. Dispensary, Old Cairo . . 12
Block covered with Hieroglyphics . . 15
Temple of the Sphinx 16
The Great Pyramid and the Sphinx . . 17
General View of Karnak Temples . . 18
Avenue of Sphinxes 18
Entrance Pylon to Temples 18
Seti's Hall of Columns 18
Luxor Temple 19
Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, Thebes. 20
On our Donkeys, Thebes 21
Headless Statues of Osiris, Thebes . . 22
The Colossi of Thebes 22
Luxor from the Nile 23
Diving Boys at Aden 26
An Indian Railway Station 29
Jeypore Wall 30
The Indian Acrobat 30
A Back Street, Jeypore 31
Main Street, Jeypore 32
Jeypore Market 33
Our Bullock Ekka 34
Looking-glass Palace, Amber 35
Indian Mother and Child 36
North Indian Street Scene 38
Bazaar in Amritsar 39
Gate of the Causeway, Golden Temple, Amritsar 41
Clock Tower and Golden Temple, Amritsar 42
Fakir in Golden Temple, Amritsar . . 43
Three Village Scenes in Sultanwind . . 46
View from the Fort, Lundi Kotal . . 48
Mission Dispensary, Lundi Kotal . . 49
Caravan Serai, Lundi Kotal . . . 49
In the Caravan Serai, Peshawar . . . 51

PAGE

The Two Fakirs, Outpatients at Peshawar Hospital 53
A North Indian Well 55
The Camel Carriage, Lahore . . . 57
The Elephants at Lahore 58
Camel Omnibus at Delhi 61
Jumna Musjid, Delhi 62
Outside the Great Mosque, Delhi . . 63
Humayun's Tomb outside Delhi . . . 64
Moslem Priests' Tomb outside Delhi . 65
Kutab Minar 66
Doorway of Akbar's Tomb 68
A Holy Man with Long Hair . . . 71
The Fakir on a Bed of Spikes at the Mela 73
Holy Man with Hand up at Allahabad Mela 74
A Group of Fakirs at the Mela at Allahabad 75
The Mission Tent at the Mela . . . 76
Benares from the River 77
The Burning Ghat at Benares . . . 78
The Bathing Steps at Benares . . . 79
Indian Village Well 82
Missionary Teaching in a Zenana . . 83
In a Village Courtyard 83
Indian Village Street 84
Boys at Secundra Orphanage . . . 85
Girls at Secundra Orphanage . . . 85
A Street in Calcutta 87
Two Tamil Women, Ceylon 89
A Ceylon Bullock Cart 89
A Group of Singhalese 91
Two Street Scenes, Nuwara Eliya . . 92
Arums at Nuwara Eliya 93
Lake at Nuwara Eliya 94
By the Golf Links, Nuwara Eliya . . 95
Along the Decks 96
General View of Rome from the Pincian Hill 97
The Appian Way 98
Gate of San Sebastian at Entrance to Appian Way 98
The Palace of the Cæsars, Palatine Hill . 99
The Forum from the Palatine Hill . . 100
The Coliseum 101
Temple of Saturn in the Forum—Altar to the Unknown God 102



My Kodak and Note-book.

WITH NOTE-BOOK AND CAMERA.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

MANY of you know something about photography. In these days nearly every one has a camera of some sort, and all who have agree that it is a delightful amusement and occupation.

What a difference has come over missionary magazines and books in the past few years now that so many missionaries are able to send home photographs which they have taken themselves. How much more real the various places become to us when we have seen pictures of them.

Last winter I had the privilege of taking a most interesting journey with my father, and seeing something of some missionary lands. With us went two important companions—one was a manuscript book in which to keep a journal, the other was our kodak. Day by day notes were written of what we saw, and day by day 'snap-shots' were taken.

And now, with the aid of those companions, I want to take you who read these lines over some of the most interesting parts of that journey,

and to let you share in its interest. First we will visit Egypt, and then pass on to North India, and on our voyage home take a glance at Ceylon, and so return by way of Italy to England.

A friend of mine who was talking to me about this journey said to me: 'You ought to call the book "I with J and K," i.e. journal and kodak!' At all events it is with this 'J and K' that you and I are now going to set off on this thought-journey together.

What you will read was for the most part written on the spot in the various places which are described. Rather than re-write it all, I have preferred only to connect the different parts together into a continuous whole, but still to leave it in the form of note-book jottings as they were recorded day by day in my journal. In this way you will see the better the impressions left on the mind by the various sights, within a few hours of their being witnessed.

The pictures will nearly all be reproductions of our kodak photographs, though a few others must be inserted which we obtained in different places when unable for some reason to take views of the subject ourselves.[1]

Well, let us start together 'with J and K' on our travels. I hope you will enjoy them by proxy half as much as I did in reality, and that what we see in missionary lands will help to deepen your interest in the spread of Christ's Kingdom in those parts of the world which we shall visit.

It was early on a morning of late November that we landed at Port Said. The harbour was gay with boats, and people of many shades of colour, attired in garments of every hue, were to be seen, from the almost black Moor or Nubian to the fairer skinned Greek. Fruit-sellers with boats piled up with yellow oranges, and other vendors in blue flowing robes and red caps, made bright spots of colour. As we went through the streets to the railway station we had many glimpses of Eastern life. Veiled women with a curious ornament across the forehead, holding the veil off nose and mouth; cake-sellers calling out their wares in strange musical voices; street eating-stalls, where one and another was squatting around enjoying a (to us) most unsavoury looking breakfast.

We left Port Said in a queer little train. After some distance we stopped for a few minutes at Kantarah, a place full of historical as well as

[1] The pictures on pages 1, 12, 43 and 66 are the only ones not reproduced from photographs taken by our kodak.

Kantarah Station, and Lake Menzaleh.

sacred interest, for it is the place where the caravan route from Syria to Egypt still crosses the Canal, as it has crossed the desert at that spot for thousands of years. There passed the Assyrian and other armies that invaded Egypt, there passed the Egyptian armies that marched against Canaan, and beyond. That way, doubtless, came Abraham and Joseph, and Jacob and his sons, into Egypt, and that way, too, no doubt, came our blessed Lord when as an infant He was carried into that same land.

When we reached the place, a large caravan of camels was resting there (see picture on page 4). Queer-looking, patient beasts, with their rather stupid but pathetic faces. There were some pretty little ones, too, not big enough to carry loads such as weighed down their older companions. Some picturesque-looking Arabs were in charge of the caravan, and a few wild-looking Bedouin with their strange flowing robes, and a sort of thick brown rope holding on their head-dress. They looked exactly like Bible pictures of Abraham. Indeed, one group of three—a father apparently, with his arm round the neck of a boy of about twelve years old, and an older son standing by, we said would have done exactly for artist's models for a picture of Abraham, Isaac, and Ishmael!

At Ismailia we got into an ordinary train, and, leaving the Canal,

turned westward. The first place of interest which we passed was where were found the ruins of Pithom, one of the treasure cities built by the Israelites for Pharaoh. A few minutes later our historical interest took a leap of some thousands of years, as we crossed the battlefield of Tel-el-Kebir. The dreary desert over which the line runs was interesting in its very monotony. How can I describe what a desert looks like? Imagine an undulating sandy beach, covered in most parts with a sprinkling of shingle, stretching as far as the eye can reach on all sides. Here and there appears a little patch of tough, dry-looking herbage, but the

Camel Caravan at Kantarah.

monotony is seldom broken except by a camel plodding along, or sometimes by a whole caravan crossing the barren waste.

At length one side of the line became fertile; date palms and other green shrubs appeared. This was because of the presence of the fresh-water canal. Then, in a moment it seemed, we left the desert behind and passed into a fertile region with various trees, sugar-cane, maize, prickly pear, and fields of green. We had reached the Delta, and were in the country which has been turned from desert into fertility by the system of irrigation by the waters of the Nile. It was a wonderful commentary on the words, 'Everything shall live whither the river cometh.'

But space will not allow of my telling half of what we saw on that journey—all the graceful figures in their blue garments, veiled and unveiled women, often carrying jars of water on their heads; pretty little dark-skinned and dark-eyed children clad in the gayest colours; strange Arab villages, consisting of mere mud hovels nestling beneath the palm trees, and smoke coming out through their loosely thatched roofs—one marvelled how human beings could live in such wretched abodes. Sometimes a mosque and a minaret would arrest our attention; once it was a Mohammedan cemetery, but never did interest slacken for a moment.

Again and again our thoughts were carried to Bible days. The strange dresses constantly recalled Bible pictures, or oxen drawing a plough which a man guided made one think of Elisha (in one place I noticed seven such ploughs in one field), or a shepherd with his flock of mixed sheep and goats made us realize how very alike these animals are in the East, so that an unpractised eye cannot tell them apart. Blind beggars at the railway stations reminded one of Bartimæus, and numerous riders on asses, and one on a white ass, recalled many a Scripture scene. Riders, too, on camels made us think of Bible accounts; but, alas! we noticed that the *men* ride the camels, the poor *women* usually walk behind; and we recalled that woman is despised in that Moslem land, and we remembered how those bright attractive people are most of them followers of the False Prophet, and do not know Christ the great Prophet of God as their Saviour.

At last in the distance appeared a sight so familiar in pictures. 'The Pyramids!' we exclaimed. Yes, there they rose, as they rose, it is said, before the eyes of Abraham when he went into Egypt, the oldest and most unchanging remains of man's work. It was but a glance we had of them before reaching Cairo, but one could not but think how many in the past thousands of years had thus caught sight of them for the first time on their entry into that land, and also contrast the way in which those in past ages had journeyed here, with our arrival in a railway carriage, less than five days after leaving London!

Certainly Egypt is a delightful place in which to spend a winter, with its almost constant sunshine. If I were to tell you in few words what the country is like it would really come to this—that the Nile is Egypt, and Egypt is the Nile. All is green and fertile where its waters reach, all

Egyptian Water-wheel.

is barren and desert beyond. The fertility of the country is wonderful, and there are usually three crops a year. The Nile water is carried by canals into the country, and then raised to the land either by a wheel with jars at intervals attached to it, turned by oxen or camels, or else by a sort of flat bucket worked by men and raised by a weight at the end of a pole. The water flows into little ditches, and the fields are divided into small squares, which are watered in turn by being allowed to fill with water.

Let me try to describe to you some of the sights we saw during the time we spent in Cairo. The city is a strange mixture of England, France, and the East. Streets bordered with trees and fine houses recall Paris—English soldiers are seen walking in them. Carriages worthy of Hyde Park are in company with queer native carts drawn by donkeys. Riding on donkeys is a favourite way of getting about, and lovely little animals they are. Would that London costers or donkey boys could see them as they trot along finely. Sometimes a camel stalks by, but these seem rare in the streets of the city. The blue colour being so universal in the dresses of the men, and the black robes and veils of the women, tone down the gayness of the colouring. But the strange mixture of wealth and poverty, of East and West, of European and Native, is very striking. More than once we saw a Moslem funeral pass us. Behind the covered bier came low carts, on which crouched veiled women. At another time we saw a bride's marriage procession—a band in front, followed by carriages, the one in which was the bride being covered by a curtain.

In some quarters are fine European-like streets, with good shops, while

in the native quarters the streets are mostly narrow dark lanes bordered by tiny shops and stalls, where goods of every possible kind are displayed, the sellers usually crouching among their wares. Articles of one single kind are often confined to a whole street. Sometimes, for instance, a whole bazaar would sell shoes, another flags, another would be given up to brassware, and so on ; and of course, when we went to make purchases we had to do a great deal of bargaining.

The afternoon after reaching Cairo we walked down to the bridge across the Nile—that river so linked with history for thousands of years past. It is a fine broad stream, as wide again, I should say, as the Thames at London Bridge. The water was brown and muddy. Pretty boats with double white sails were in all directions, and the white houses on the banks, with the red sandstone hills beyond, looked lovely in the afternoon sunlight. On the western bank were numbers of date palms, and beyond we caught sight of the Pyramids.

And oh ! the people on the bridge, Europeans and Egyptians walking, or

Nile Banks. Cairo in the Background.

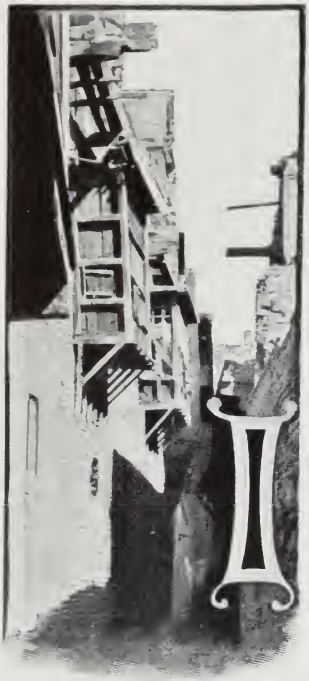
on donkeys, or in carriages. Bedouin from the desert. Fellahin (peasants) carrying loads of sugar-cane or vegetables. Women going down with water-pots to the water, and then hoisting on to their heads the great jars they could hardly lift, and carrying them without even holding them. Europeans as well as Egyptians were out for their evening drive, and in many a case a syce or groom ran before, with his staff, and his shouts clearing the road.

There is something very attractive about the people of Egypt, though hardly anywhere are they equalled as beggars. The demand for 'back-sheesh' is incessant, but very small sums content them. The lower classes seem a simple-going race. They live on very little, eating mostly vegetable food, and living in wretched houses, specially in the villages. Though the women are regarded as inferior, they go out freely (veiled, of course, except the very poorest), and though a boy is preferred, a girl is much loved.

As to the religion of the people, they are, for the most part, Moslems, and one sometimes sees them at prayer at the railway stations or by the road-side at the regular hours, as well as at the mosques. Superstition is very strong among the lower and middle orders, and charms are worn constantly by the children. Sometimes these are tiny cylinders or leather pouches with pieces of the Koran on paper inside. Sometimes they are made of silver, and have engraved on them the name of God.

The village people live in dread of a power they call 'Nifs.' One must never admire a baby, but say it is ugly. One woman said to her friend who had a new baby, 'Let me see the little slave.' In this way they think to prevent harm coming to the child ; or a mother will dress her baby in a dress made of patchwork that 'Nifs' may think it is a beggar child in rags. A brood of chickens will have their bodies painted red, to make 'Nifs' think they are not chickens. Of the Moslem religion these poor ignorant people know very little, and the women are very slow to take in an idea. After a thing has been explained again and again, they still cannot grasp it, and when at last they have learnt something they seem amazed at their own powers. Education hardly reaches any of the women. Even those of the upper classes are kept shut up in the harems, the women's part of the house. Their lives are indeed sad.

In our next chapter we shall talk about the work that is being done by God's missionary servants among the people in this ancient land.



Street in Old Cairo.

CHAPTER II.

SEED SOWING IN A MOSLEM FIELD.

I HAVE told you something of what Egypt and its people are like, and now I want you to see through my eyes the missionary work which we saw going on during our short visit to that land.

The very first morning after we reached Cairo, one of the missionaries took us off to the C.M.S. bookshop, which stands in a good position at the corner of a fine street. There we saw for sale Bibles, Testaments, and Scripture portions, in Arabic and other languages, also some good simple secular literature. There were besides tracts, which are given gratis, with simple Gospel truth in them, and some large books dealing with the controversial side of the Mohammedan religion.

Around the wall hung Arabic texts such as St. John iii. 16, St. Matthew xi. 28, etc. On the table was an open Arabic Bible, which any one can come in and read. This shop is open to the street, and just outside on a book rest is a copy of Arabic Gospels which is chained there to prevent it from being carried away. The 'Silent Comforter,' a Scripture roll in Arabic, also hangs outside.

We were told that there are many visitors at the bookshop, who come to read or to buy. Even while we were there a man came and read for some little time from the chained Gospel outside. The Syrian Christian who is in charge has many opportunities of talks with these visitors.

From there we went on to the boys' school of the C.M.S. There in various classes we saw a good number of boys of ages ranging from five to fifteen, and we heard them read and say Arabic texts, and looked at their writing. These boys are all day-scholars, and come, some of them from Christian homes, others from Mohammedan houses, but all alike are daily taught from the Bible.

Just before we left, the 12 o'clock closing bell rang: out rushed the boys helter skelter to take their places by the gate. They buy their dinners there, and 'first come first served,' so they are in a grand hurry!

We went on to lunch with the ladies at the C.M.S. girls' schools, and had our meal in the same room in which the girls were having their dinner. Such pretty dark-haired little things, most of them are. The boarders all wear red twill pinafores, and red bands to fasten back their hair. The round flat loaves of native bread which they ate looked very strange, each about the size of a plate, and looking like a thick pancake, but tasting much like scones. After lunch I saw the dormitories, and visited the girls at their lessons. They then sang to us, first an English hymn, and then 'Jesus loves me' in Arabic, and finally an Arabic hymn and tune.

The following Sunday we went at 9.30 a.m. to the Arabic service, which was held in a room at the boys' school. There was a curtain down the centre of the church, behind which the women sat, and the girls from the school. The service that day was conducted by a catechist, and it was quite easy to follow with one's English Prayer-book. It was very nice and bright, and the responding and singing very hearty, and one rejoiced that, though in different languages, we and the Christians of that Eastern land could join together with one accord in the worship of our God and Saviour.

Next morning we started at 8 o'clock for Old Cairo, about three miles and a half by electric tramway. We first went to the C.M.S. Dispensary, where the opening service was going on; then into the men's waiting-room, where a native catechist was preaching to about forty patients; and then into the women's waiting-room, where the missionary doctor was addressing about forty-five women. After the service we saw the working of the Dispensary. A lady missionary talked to the women who were waiting, a good number of whom were there for the first time, one at least having come a journey of many days from far up the Nile valley. Meanwhile the work proceeded at the Dispensary. In one room

Shops in Old Cairo.

the doctor was seeing patients, while in another a missionary nurse was putting dressings on wounds or on bad eyes, which are very common.

One little boy we saw looked terribly wasted and ill. His father had brought him for the first time, though he had been long ill; now, alas! though everything possible would be done for him, it seemed doubtful whether his life could be saved.

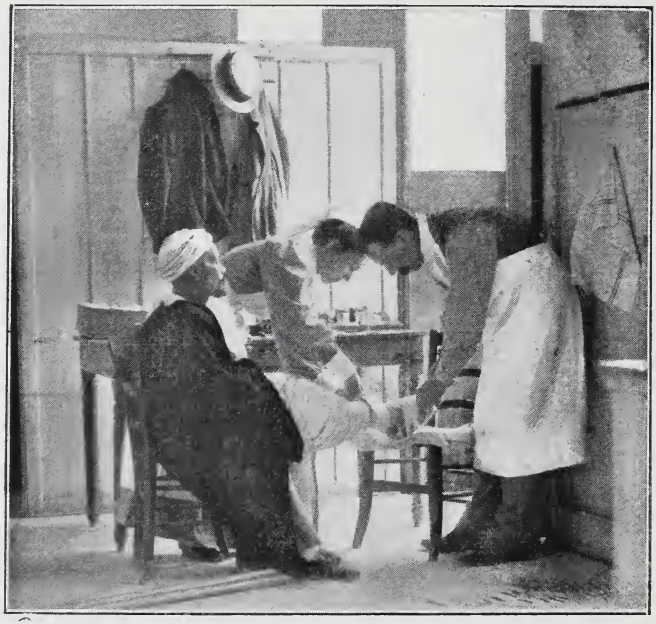
In the men's waiting-room was a bookcase with Bibles etc. for sale, which was put up in memory of two little Irish boys, and many a copy of the Word of God is bought there by patients and carried back by them into Moslem homes, where, please God, it will lead precious souls to know Christ as Saviour. Outside the Dispensary we saw a number of

patients suffering from a kind of anæmia, who sleep in rooms close by. They stay for a month's treatment as out-patients, and during their stay they get regular Bible teaching from the missionaries, so that none return home without hearing of the Lord Jesus and His love.

Near by we obtained a good view across the Nile to the island of Roda. There, tradition says, Moses was found in the bulrushes, and there is now the Nilometer which measures the rise of the Nile.

We next went to the C.M.S. day-schools both for boys and for girls, and we heard some of the scholars, some of whom are Moslems and some Christians, read and sing. They answered questions on the Scripture lesson well, and seemed really to understand what they learnt.

After leaving the school we visited a very old Coptic church. It is said that in a spot shown in the crypt the Virgin Mary and Joseph rested with the infant Christ when they reached Egypt. The tradition is said to have good foundation, for the whole of that part of Old Cairo is where the Copts live, and is inclosed within a wall. Formerly it was a Jewish colony, so the Holy Family would naturally have gone there. The old Roman fortress near by was called Babylon, and is said to be the 'Babylon' mentioned by St. Peter as having a Christian Church.



In the C.M.S. Dispensary, Old Cairo.

The same afternoon we went over the C.M.S. Hospital in Old Cairo. It is all on one floor, and has nice bright wards, with Arabic texts

painted on the walls. There are about twenty-five or thirty beds. The nursing is done by C.M.S. lady nurses, but one native girl, who became a Christian at the Cairo school, is now being trained as a nurse.

Besides the hospital and school work, the missionaries who live in Old Cairo do a great deal in the way of visiting the people. Some of the ladies go to see the women who live both in the town and in the villages. These latter are very numerous, densely covering the whole of the fertile land, but as yet are barely touched by any society. The people are willing to listen, but at present there are so few messengers to go and tell them the glad tidings of the grace of God. All through the land of Egypt from Port Said to Cairo, and then the whole of the 420 miles south which we went to Luxor, there are innumerable villages, some very large, others just a few houses gathered in little hamlets, most of which could be reached by a missionary itinerating from a boat on the Nile.

The next morning I saw something of the visiting work in Cairo itself, for I went out with one of the lady missionaries to see some of the Moslem women in their homes.

First we went into a back street and up dark stairs to see the wife of a merchant. The room was fairly clean, with carpet and English furniture. The windows looked into a back court, but were covered with coloured paper, so that no one could look in. The woman was nicely dressed in a long print robe. She was married at seventeen, and was never allowed by her husband to go out, until now, having been ill, she was allowed out (veiled) for an hour each day. She had two children with her, a little girl and a baby, the latter, as usual, with bad eyes. My missionary friend showed her pictures and told her about the Good Shepherd and the lost sheep. She listened attentively, but her sad face seldom lighted up. She learnt to repeat a text, but she cannot read or write, so can only learn when some one goes to see her.

Next we visited a much poorer house. There we sat on two chairs, while the women crouched on the mud floor. There was an old mother, who when we arrived kissed both of us ladies, which was rather embarrassing. There were four young women, wives of sons, and some children. One son was present with his baby in his arms, to which he seemed devoted. All listened attentively, sometimes interrupting with questions. The man gave a few explanations to the women! They said to the missionary,

'Why do you so seldom come? Do come again soon.' Alas! the fewness of workers makes it impossible to visit the houses more than once a month or so. 'The harvest is great and the labourers few. Pray ye therefore . . .' for more labourers.

The last house we went to was down a dark, dirty alley. There in a tiny upper room was a woman who was for seven months in the C.M.S. Hospital, and had a leg amputated. Her husband was at home, and he too listened very readily. Another old woman—the mother—was also there, and a little boy ran in and out. The poor woman said she got so tired of sitting still, either on the rough wooden bed, with a sort of mattress on it, or else on the mud floor. She knew much of Gospel truth, but, like many others, it was hard for her to understand, as she was so ignorant. In a corner of the room were cages of pigeons, which flew out at will. The man was most anxious to kill one of them as a present for us!

I have now told you something of the missionary work which we saw. Such as there is, is indeed deeply interesting, as by book-selling, by visiting in the schools, and above all in the hospital, which reaches many who could not otherwise come under the sound of the Gospel, Christ's message of Salvation is being spread abroad. But direct evangelistic work seems as yet hardly touched, owing to the fewness of the workers. Still the Seed of the Word is gradually being sown in city and villages by missionary visitors to the houses of the people. One day we met two missionaries who had just ridden on their bicycles, which the people called 'the horse that wants no food,' to a village across the desert. Then, when we went to see the Pyramids, one of the ladies who was with us, instead of going up, stayed below and had an interesting morning, first talking to some groups of Arabs and giving away tracts. Then an old man took her off to the village to see his wife, and there she got a talk with a number of women, and so did some 'sowing' by the wayside.

Will all who read this pray that the way may be opened for numbers of 'labourers' to come and work in this little-touched corner of God's Harvest Field? and pray too that many sheaves from thence may be gathered into His garner, and that His words may speedily be fulfilled, 'Egypt shall know the Lord'?

Block covered with Hieroglyphics.

CHAPTER III.

RELICS OF EGYPTIAN GREATNESS.

THE interest of Egypt from an historical point of view is very deep. Biblical sites abound on every side, and to go up the Nile and see the old temples and tombs is a wonderful revelation of the wisdom of the Egyptians, in which Moses was learned. Much of the Bible gained quite new meaning as we visited those relics of days long past. It was most interesting to realize that the pattern of the Tabernacle and Temple was just similar in ground plan to that of the idol temples of Egypt, and that the chain of gold given to Joseph was the sign of high rank, for on the old monuments such chains are only to be seen on the necks of great personages. The calf-worship too was, as we noticed, but following the worship of Apis the ox god, whose image we frequently saw.

But I must tell you of some of the great monuments of the past which we visited in that land ; then you will understand better what I mean. The first of these ancient relics which we saw was the Pyramids. One morning we started from Cairo to go to them. The drive was about seven and a half miles. We crossed the Nile, then went through a very long avenue,

nice and shady. The road runs along a sort of causeway raised above the surrounding country so as to be above the water during the overflowing of the Nile. There was a great deal of water in the fields, but it ought to have been like one large lake ; but the rise of the Nile was terribly below the average, so causing failure of crops and much distress.

We drove straight to the foot of the Great Pyramid, where the old sheikh the head of the tribe that live in the village at the foot, and who act as guides, came forward and arranged with our dragoman as to men to take us up. We had three men each : one took each hand and one pushed behind. The blocks of stone were certainly a good step in height, and now and then came a really large one about 4 feet high. We took about twenty minutes to climb the 470 or more feet, and were well rewarded for the exertion, for the view from the top was splendid. On one side the Nile valley, with Cairo in the distance. On three other sides desert as far as the horizon. I asked where one of the caravan tracks we saw led. 'Tunis,' said one of our men. 'How far?' 'Three months.' 'Where is there water ?' 'Ten days off is the first well.' One felt that the great Sahara stretched right away from us, away to the Soudan with its sixty millions of Moslems, away to West Africa; and sadly we realized that all this vast region was as yet untouched by the Gospel message.

Temple of the Sphinx.

Below us we saw the two other smaller Pyramids of Ghizeh, one with some of its old coating of red granite still

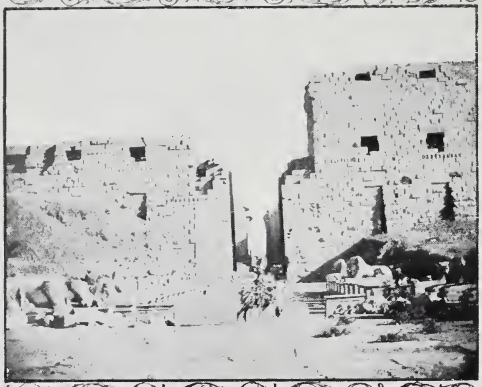
on the top; below too was the Sphinx with its mutilated face. Away to the south were other pyramids, among them the 'step' pyramid of Sakkarah, said to be the oldest monument in the world. It dates much further back than those of Ghizeh, and *they* are said to be much earlier than the days of Abraham.

The Great Pyramid and the Sphinx.

Coming down was almost more tiring than going up. At the bottom our men made a great fuss in asking for 'backsheesh' (money), but we let our dragoman settle it. We then walked on (preferring that to a camel ride!) to see the Spninx, and thence to the Temple of the Sphinx just beyond, which was most interesting. It contained some old tombs largely made of alabaster, but the temple is built of enormous blocks of red granite from near the first cataract of the Nile —huge blocks, twelve or fourteen feet high and about five feet square, standing in long rows of pillars.

But even more wonderful than the huge Pyramids were the vast ruins of the wonderful temples of ancient Thebes, which we saw a few days later. A night's railway journey from Cairo landed us about 420 miles farther south in the Nile valley at Luxor. The people were much darker in colour than farther north. Indeed, the scenes on every side made one fully realize that we were in Africa, and on the route which some day will, we hope, lead right through the continent from 'Cairo to the Cape.' The afternoon after reaching Luxor we started for Karnak on donkeys, which went beautifully. It was about two miles to the entrance of the great temples of Karnak. I wish I could give you any idea of what they are

·KARNAK·



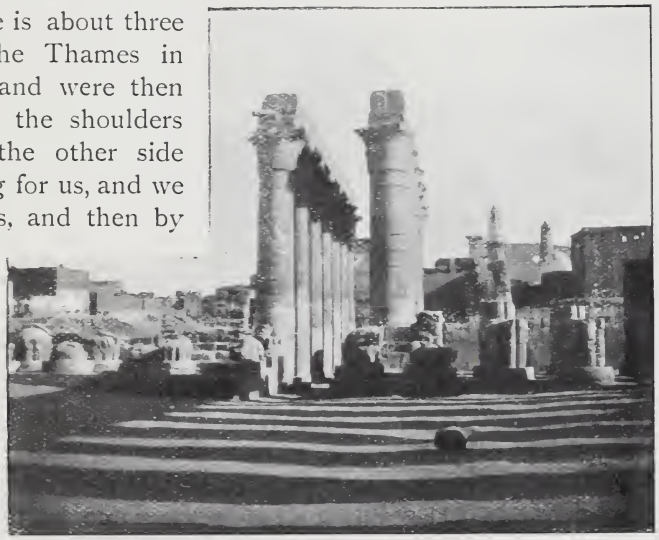
General View of Karnak Temples. Avenue of Sphinxes. Entrance Pylon to Temples.

Seti's Hall of Columns (From the West). Seti's Hall of Columns (From the East).

like, but I cannot attempt to do so in detail. The marvellous blocks of buildings—pylons, obelisks, statues, columns, etc.—are impossible indeed to describe. Clearly they stood out against the blue sky. Parts had been built in the reign of Rameses II., who oppressed the Israelites; other parts by Seti I., who came before him, and by various other Pharaohs.

The most wonderful of all was the great hall of Seti, with 134 huge columns in it, some eighty feet high. Throughout the walls were covered with carvings and hieroglyphics, and in some places the colouring—red, blue, and yellow—still remained. We spent a long time going over the wonderful ruins of buildings which were in all their glory at the time of Moses, and then went back to the temple of Luxor to see it in the evening light. Part of this temple was built by Rameses II., and it contains some gigantic statues of him. The columns are as fine as at Karnak, though not so numerous as in the great hall there, and the whole temple area is smaller. Much is still below the ground, not yet having been excavated, and a mosque and houses are built on the top.

The following morning we started out for a day amid further ruins of mighty Thebes. First we crossed the Nile (which here is about three times as wide as the Thames in London) by a boat, and were then carried on shore on the shoulders of Arab men: on the other side donkeys were waiting for us, and we rode over sandbanks, and then by a raised path for some way along the river, till we turned inland and visited the ruins of the small temple of Kurna. Then on we went over sandy and stony ground till we got



Luxor Temple.

Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, Thebes.

into a valley among the Libyan mountains. Cliffs of red sandstone rose on both sides without one blade of green, and the heat of the sun's rays which poured down was very great. It was a most dreary, desolate-looking spot. At last we reached the place where, comparatively recently, tombs of Kings of Egypt have been discovered. We visited five tombs, those of Rameses III., IV., VI. and IX., and Seti I. These tombs are reached by long passages cut into the mountain. Sometimes we descended by steps, and sometimes by an inclined plane. Each tomb was different in plan, but each had at the end a large chamber, sometimes supported by columns where the sarcophagus used to stand. In two cases this had been left, though the mummies had all been removed to

museums. The walls and the tombs were all covered with hieroglyphics and paintings of gods, mythological scenes, or events in the lives of the kings. Passages, walls, ceilings, side chambers, and the large tomb chambers themselves, were all gorgeous with wonderful paintings, their colours as bright as though they had only been done within the past year instead of over 3000 years.

We then climbed round a shoulder of the hill, and from the top had a splendid view over the valley of the Nile, north and south, and across the plain where Thebes used to stand. A few ruined temples and broken-down statues are all that now remains of the 'populous No' of Nahum iii. 8. Truly the prophecies of Ezekiel xxx. 14, 15, have been

On our Donkeys, Thebes.

Headless Statues of Osiris, Thebes.

most terribly fulfilled. We descended the other side of the hill, and after lunch visited the ruins of the temple of Dêr El-Bahri, built by Queen Hatshepsowet and finished by Thotmes III. Here, too, were interesting sculptures and paintings, and from there we rode back to the boat. The donkey riding was really very enjoyable, and not to be despised. Sometimes over a sandy piece of level we went at full gallop for a mile at a time. If we were on stony paths the donkeys proved most sure-footed. Sometimes we rode across country through ploughed fields. When we reached little raised ditches of water, by which irrigation is carried on, my donkey cleared them at a bound. I confess I was surprised to find myself still on his back after these exploits! Next day we crossed the Nile again, got on our donkeys at the other side, and rode first to the Ramesseum. As in all the temples, there were the colonnades and courtyards, but very little colouring was left on the sculptures. There

The Colossi of Thebes.

was a row of statues of the god Osiris, but they were all headless. Then on the ground lay the remains of an enormous granite statue of Rameses II.: only pieces of it remain, but the ear alone is three and a half feet long. How such a mass of granite could have been brought from Syene—the nearest quarry—and how carved and set up is indeed wonderful. One could not but wonder whether the poor oppressed Israelites were forced to take their share in the work. We rode on to a village of native huts—indeed, many of the people were living in tombs in the rocks. In the courtyard were strange raised, round clay buildings looking like fonts. In these our dragoman told us the babies are put to keep them off the ground and away from the scorpions. The wild pariah dogs in the village barked furiously

Luxor from the Nile.

at us, but did no harm. In the centre of the village was the entrance to a tomb of Sen-Nofer, a prince of Thebes in the eighteenth dynasty (overseer of the gardens of Ammon under Amenophis II.). We went down a very steep flight of rough steps into an outer chamber, and on into the tomb itself. It was not large, but was brilliant in its colouring. Walls and ceilings were beautifully painted, and the colours were the best we had seen. Our dragoman said it had only been discovered a few years.

We next visited the small temple of Dêr-el-Medîneh. One of the most interesting sculptures there was of the judgment of the dead as believed in by the old Egyptians. The gods are seen weighing the good deeds of the deceased against an ostrich feather, the symbol of truth. Another

chamber in this temple was very interesting, as it contained coloured images of many of the ancient gods of Egypt. A hot piece of riding, though not for very long, brought us to Medînet Habu, the temple and palace built by Rameses III., on the walls of which are numberless fine sculptures and hieroglyphics commemorating his many victories over various nations. Some of the battle scenes are most spirited and powerful. In one the king has a lion running beside his chariot, helping to slay his foes. In another place his soldiers are counting the number of slain by means of the hands and tongues which they have cut off the dead bodies, or —who can say?—even from the captives. There is also a naval battle depicted, with much force. It was strange to notice on more than one of these temples the Christian sign of the Cross. Some of them were used as churches in the very early days of the Christian Church, which spread up the Nile valley.

We rode on through ploughed fields, and in the midst of the plain reached the two renowned Colossi of Thebes. They are fifty-two feet high, and with the pedestals on which they are placed sixty-five feet. They represent King Amenhetop III. The most southern figure is all in one block, that in the north has been repaired. A gallop on our wonderful little donkeys across the plain, and then slower riding over the sandbanks, brought us back to the Nile, which we crossed, back to Luxor, which we left that evening, and next day again reached Cairo.

On one of our last days there we visited the Ghizeh Museum. There with the deepest interest we looked on the mummy, the actual embalmed body of Rameses II., the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites. Some of the jewellery, too, which we saw there was most beautiful—gold and enamel work, with the same colours and shapes as we had seen painted on the walls of the tombs of the kings, and sarcopaghi, sculpture, papyri, ancient boats, stone and wooden figures, mummies of cats and crocodiles and other animals were all of deep interest.

Before closing this chapter, I must tell you a little of some of the old buildings which we saw in Cairo, which, however, are of much more modern history than those of which we have been speaking—I mean the mosques built when the Moslem religion was very powerful in the land.

The first we saw was the mosque of Sultan Hassan, one of the oldest and finest in Cairo. It is about 500 years old, and is in a fearful state of

want of repair. It looked ruinous and uncared for, though it had once been a most magnificent building, with a splendid dome. Queer loose shoes were tied over our boots when we entered this and other mosques: the Moslems themselves take off their shoes as they go in. In another mosque which we entered a few Moslems were bathing face, hands and feet at the fountain, before their evening prayers. There was a high pulpit, from which preaching takes place, a sort of alcove showing the direction of Mecca, so that Moslems may pray looking that way. One was prostrating himself before it, and taking no notice of visitors to the mosque.

Next day we went to see the mosque of El Azhar, which for over 900 years had been the great Mohammedan University. We drove there through narrow native streets, and found a very fine building with minarets of elaborately carved stone. Inside the courtyard and the interior of the mosque were numberless groups of students gathered round their teachers. In the courtyard were younger groups, and in one place a school of children. But in the mosque itself were older students, some of them men of considerable age. In some parts they were learning from books by heart, shouting out the words at the top of their voices! Lectures were being given by the teachers, who held forth with great emphasis. The teaching is all of the Moslem religion or Moslem religious law, or grammar, or such-like. But a beginning is now being made in teaching arithmetic, geography, etc.

Thousands of students were gathered in the building, and we were told that there are 15,000 altogether, from almost every Moslem land. The whole scene was a strong proof of the great power which the religion of the False Prophet still holds in the world.

But I must not tell you any more about Egypt and the sights there. I have tried to show you, through my eyes, something of what we saw in the fortnight's visit which we paid to it. We have talked of the country and of the people, we have seen how the idolatry of ancient Egypt has ceased, but we have seen, too, how the religion of the False Prophet and much ignorance and superstition darken the land. We have talked of the work God's missionary servants are doing, and now it is for you to help them in that work by your prayers, asking that many of the people of that country may quickly know and love the Saviour who in His infant days sojourned there in time of danger.

CHAPTER IV.

UNDER THE RAYS OF AN INDIAN SUN.

IT was on the evening of Wednesday, December 6th, that we left Ismailia by a P. & O. steamer and slowly steamed away from Egypt. We passed through the southern part of the Suez Canal, and thence by the Gulf of Suez into the Red Sea. Each day the weather became warmer; but as the sea was perfectly smooth we could enjoy sitting on deck, and so the heat was not too trying. Sometimes we passed rocky islands, and occasionally had a distant glimpse of coast-line on one side or other. Often we watched schools of porpoises turning somersaults in the waves, or saw shoals of flying fish, which sprang out of the water and flew quite long distances before entering it again.

Diving Boys at Aden.

There were a good number of missionaries on board, going to India and Africa, some for the first time and some returning, and many an interesting talk did we have with them, hearing of their work. Five days after leaving Egypt we reached

Aden, where those going to East Africa left us for another ship. We did not go on shore there, but watched a lot of black boys who came round in their boats, and dived after coins thrown for them into the water by passengers, coming up again with coin in their mouths! There were also boats with men selling various goods, and some of the sellers came on board with their wares—ostrich feathers and boas, baskets, ostrich eggs, horns, shells, etc.

In the distance we could see a town at the foot of a steep rocky hill. Everything looked dry and barren; nothing green was visible, and the whole place looked most desolate. For some time after leaving Aden the Arabian coast was visible to the north, but after a while it was lost to view as we steamed away across the Indian Ocean. For five days we were out of sight of land, but enjoying lovely warm weather and smooth sea. At length, on the afternoon of December 16th, 1899, we saw a faint line on the horizon, which gradually became clearer. It was India at last!

In due time we steamed into Bombay harbour, very pretty, with lovely heights around, but it was dark when we landed, and, getting into a garry, we drove off to the C.M.S. house. The drive of three miles through the town was very weird in the bright moonlight. In the native quarter, we could see the little shops along the road, with sellers squatting among their goods. Brown-skinned Hindus were there in numbers; Parsis in their strange conical hats walked along; but it was too dark to distinguish much.

We only spent forty-eight hours in Bombay, but during that time managed to see a good deal. It is indeed in a lovely situation at the foot of hills which rise, covered with green undergrowth and feathery palm trees, from the blue waters of the Indian Ocean. Our first day there was a Sunday, and we enjoyed the English services. It was very hot, but punkahs going kept the air fairly cool.

After dinner in the evening the children from the C.M.S. girls' boarding-school came over to the bungalow to sing hymns both in English and Marathi. They sat cross-legged on the floor, such pretty dark-eyed little things, dressed in bright-coloured sarees. They were mostly the children of Indian Christian pastors and catechists. Next morning we paid a visit to the Robert Money School, worked by the C.M.S. We went round the various

classes, and heard some of the boys read and repeat poetry, and saw their copy-books. They have an education in Marathi, Persian, Sanskrit, and English, and some of them were learning by heart Pope's translation of Homer's Iliad, while others were reading 'The Traveller'; so you can fancy that they are clever at foreign languages. There were about 150 boys, and all are taught the Bible daily. Some were from high-caste families, and many had the sign of Vishnu on the forehead.

How can I describe all we saw in the streets when driving about that great city of Bombay, said to be the largest in population next to London in the British Empire? Some of the buildings are very fine, but the thing that most interested me was the people. There were dark-skinned Natives in countless numbers: men driving bullock carts, or carrying eatables to sell, or other loads; women of the lower classes, clad in bright-coloured graceful sarees, and wearing heavy anklets and bracelets. There were sweet little brown children wearing little or nothing at all—perhaps just a pair of bracelets. There were babies riding on their mothers' sides. Then there were graceful Parsi ladies in their beautiful coloured sarees. They are not kept in retirement like Hindu women, but walk out, often beside their husbands. It was one constant moving picture of Oriental life and colour, thrown up by a background of native shops, where queer wares were being displayed.

The same afternoon we went to see the C.M.S. girls' schools. The children were many of them day girls, and were such pretty little mites, some of them of high caste. One dear little girl of eight years old, wearing a nose ring, was, I was told, already married. The girls sang some English and Marathi songs, and some of them repeated Psalm xxiii. in Marathi.

Later on we drove over the Malabar Hill, hoping to get inside the enclosure to see the 'Towers of Silence,' where the Parsis place dead bodies instead of burying them, leaving them exposed to the vultures, which devour them. We could not, however, get admission, but we saw a Parsi funeral going in. All the mourners were in white, walking two and two, holding a white handkerchief between each pair, and there were plenty of horrid-looking vultures waiting around on trees, ready to swoop down on the bodies directly they were left.

That evening we left Bombay by train for a long journey of two nights and a day to Jeypore. Indian trains are very comfortable, and the long journeys are made very easy. The carriages are rather like small saloons, and there is plenty of space in the middle. A berth lets down above the seat on each side, so that all four occupants of each carriage have room to lie down at night. Then the train stops for the passengers to have meals at stations *en route*. Truly there is not much time. But the waiters are very quick, and so one can get through a dinner of five courses in a quarter of an hour!

An Indian Railway Station.

All the next day we traversed a flat, dry country, with very little vegetation. The people were not very numerous, and there was nothing of much interest to be seen till late in the afternoon, when we passed through some mountainous country—just bare, rocky hills.

But what was of interest were the peeps of animal life. It was most amusing when, for the first time, one saw real monkeys in their wild state! We passed numbers by the side of the line—big old monkeys looking solemn, tiny monkeys perched on the fence by the railroad and holding on tight, monkey families sitting under the trees, monkeys playing about the branches of trees, monkeys with bodies full three feet long and tails as long again, mother monkeys with babies clinging to them. At one station the engine let off steam, and at once the trees were alive with

Jeypore Wall.

monkeys dashing about, and thinking they were going to be killed.

There were other interesting animals too—camels, buffaloes, vultures, parrots, deer, all were seen at different stages of the journey.

It was early morning, and still almost dark, when we reached Jeypore, the capital of the Native State of Rajputana. There we stayed at an Indian hotel, which, being my first experience of one, seemed very curious.

We went upstairs by an outside staircase, and reached a flat roof on to which our rooms opened. It was strange to come out of your room in the evening on to the dark roof under the starlit sky. Native dealers, etc., found out directly Europeans arrived, and the courtyard of the hotel was each day filled with men selling embroideries, photographs, native jewellery and other things. Then one day a man came outside and did acrobatic tricks, balancing himself on a rope; another had a green parrot that twisted round a

The Indian Acrobat.

sort of balancing pole in its beak; and yet another, a pretty little yellow bird that threaded a number of blue beads on to a piece of cotton, picking each bead up separately and twisting the cotton with its tongue.

Our first day at Jeypore was indeed full of new sights and scenes, a constant succession of fresh pictures, living, vivid, brilliant, full of interest. In the morning we went to the Museum, a splendid building, full of interesting exhibits, not only from India, but from other countries. Then in the gardens around were zoological exhibits. One tiger was very beautiful; he came from a jungle not far from the city. 'There are numbers there,' we were told, 'a few miles off.' There was also a fine black panther, and bears and porcupines from the neighbourhood, and besides these a fine collection of birds and many other interesting creatures. But what was not intended for a 'Zoo' collection was nearly as entertaining to me as what was — the lovely little black and grey squirrels running about the trees; 'the seven brothers,' little grey birds which go about in sets of seven; the hoopoo, a bird with long bill and a crest; the green parrots flitting about and screaming; the peacocks, the national and sacred bird of Rajputana; chained leopards and cheetahs kept for use in hunting, besides many another strange creature. A thing of interest by the roadsides were the rest stones, or burden bearers. Men with heavy loads on their heads put

A Back Street, Jeypore.

Main Street, Jeypore

them off on to these stones, and take a rest on their way. The stone is a slab resting on two uprights, and is just the height easily to receive a burden from the head. How it made one long that these people should know Christ the great Burden-Bearer, who says to the weary, 'Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest.'

We went on to the city itself, going within the walls and through one of its gates. We drove down the great wide main street, two miles long, to the School of Art, where inlaid metal work was being done, and pottery, both peculiar to this place. Then our guide took us to several shops to see various manufactures—brass-workers, carpet weavers, jewellers, gold inlaid work, cutters of garnets and other precious stones. It was a wonderful sight of native industry.

In the afternoon we again visited the city. How I wish I could describe that great main street! It was a constant stream of moving figures. Bullocks drawing ekkas, and other kinds of native carts, camels bearing loads or being ridden, mounted Rajputs sometimes armed with a sword or lance, an occasional elephant with some one on its back. There were women in sarees of every brilliant shade carrying water-pots or other loads, and their arms and ankles and toes laden with jewellery. There were

Jeypore Market.

Our Bullock Ekka.

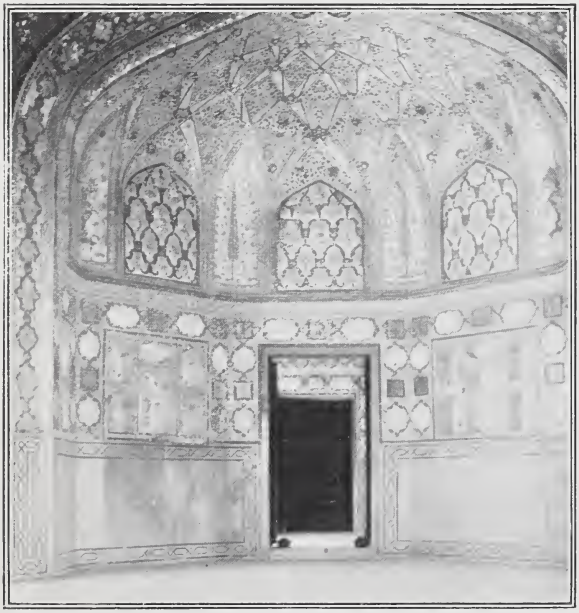
children varying in garments from a bangle up to rich coloured clothing. Native shops and stalls bordered the streets, grain shops with 'two women grinding at the mill,' and men having a 'fan in the hand' separating grain from chaff outside. Toy shops, with toys for the children, stalls of brass work, and countless others. Boys were flying paper kites, monkeys occasionally were playing about the roofs and fronts of the houses. Bullocks of black or white or grey or brown strolled about on their own account, being sacred in Hindu eyes. Little shrines, sad sight! stood here and there in the centre of the street, containing idols, sometimes most ghastly, and were decked with flowers. And all this picture of life was shown up by a background of houses coloured a sort of pink and others painted with curious designs.

We went to see the Maharajah's stables, with numbers of lovely horses, and then visited the palace. The gardens were well laid out. Down at the bottom was a large tank in which were a number of alligators. A man fed them with some meat, and it was horrid to see the nasty things

springing up to snatch it. As we drove home in the evening light, flocks of green parrots flew past screaming on their way to roost. The main street was packed with people for the evening market (see picture on p. 33). The thought of the multitudes there who are 'without Christ' was overwhelming, though, thank God, there are some missionaries working among them.

Next day we drove into the country for about four miles, and then we had to get out of the carriage and into a bullock ekka. This is a sort of cart on two wheels, with no seats, but a square shelf, about a yard square, on which the passengers either squat or sit with their legs outside, over the wheel. Four corner posts support a canopy, and the whole thing is drawn by two bullocks. It was about two miles to Amber, the old city and palace we went to see, which date from about 500 years back, but have been practically deserted for the last 200 years.

We walked up the hill on which the palace stands, and through the Hindu temple in front of it, where each morning a goat is sacrificed before the god. Then we passed on into the palace itself, where some of the gateways and halls of carved marble, or painted or inlaid stone, were most lovely. But the gem of the whole was the 'looking-glass palace.' In this, walls and ceilings in the various rooms are made of looking-glass in small pieces, inlaid in patterns.



Looking-glass Palace, Amber.

Next morning early we left Jeypore, and after travelling northward for a whole day and night reached Amritsar. But I must leave what we saw in the Punjab to another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

CHRISTMAS TIME IN AMRITSAR.

Indian Mother and Child.

IT was a lovely morning when we arrived at Amritsar. The sun shone brightly, and roses and other flowers in bloom made it difficult to believe that it was December 23rd. Yet there was a crisp sharpness about the air, making a wood fire very pleasant indoors, especially in the evening.

While in Amritsar we had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Robert Clark. He had worked for nearly fifty years as a missionary in the Punjab, so was truly the 'Father of the Mission.' But a few short months after we saw him he was called to his eternal rest in the presence of the Saviour he had served so long and faithfully.

In the garden of the bungalow where we stayed stands a large banyan tree bearing this inscription :—'Amritsar, 1852. This tree was planted by the Rev. Robert Clark, M.A., etc., in February, 1853, the house having been built, and the Mission founded, in 1852. This board was affixed by the Rev. Robert Clark on May 2nd, 1894. The shoots of the tree represent the various Mission stations, some now being independent centres, which have had their origin from the Amritsar Mission. The Rev. R. Clark was the first secretary of the Church Missionary Society for Punjab and Sindh. He entered on his duties on March 1st, 1878, and resigned office on March 1st, 1898.' Before the founding of the diocese of Lahore the Punjab Mission was worked by the Church Missionary Society secretary from Calcutta.

The various shoots which come down into the ground from the tree are labelled—Narowal 1856, Lahore 1867, Ramdass 1897, Sultanwind 1855, Khutrain 1893, Ajnala 1884, Bahrwal 1888, Batala 1878, Fatehgurh 1872, Bootala 1896, Jandiala 1854, Tarn Taran 1870, Beass 1888, Majetha 1873, Clarkabad 1869. It is a fine large tree, some of the down shoots being rooted into the ground, while others are still hanging. Full of praise were our hearts as we realized what that tree taught, and we could only feel, 'What hath God wrought.'

When we went out to see the banyan tree we saw several other interesting trees in the compound—lemon, orange, and many others. Then we saw the well from which water is drawn to water the garden by means of a series of pots on a sort of a chain drawn up by turning a wheel. We went too into the kitchen, which is said to be rather rash in India, but it was amusing and interesting to see the queer little charcoal stoves and the primitive pots in which all the cooking is done.

That same evening we went to the Middle School for the Christmas treat of the girls there. We met most of the Amritsar missionary party; and then a procession of the girls, looking so pretty in their white chuddahs, passed through the room, carrying branches of palm and lighted candles, and singing. We followed into the schoolroom, where a large Christmas tree was lighted up, and on it hung tinsel ornaments. The presents were not on the tree, but on tables near. The girls first sang some English songs and others in their own language. Afterwards they all went to the tables for their presents. Each child had some sweetmeats, a doll, and something else. They were so bright and happy, and chattered and laughed away and enjoyed themselves.

Being holiday time we could not see anything of the school life of the girls at either the Alexandra School or the C.M.S. Middle Class School. But we saw the nice dormitories, school-rooms, etc., in both buildings.

Before passing on to our actual Christmas doings I must tell you of a strange sight we saw while staying in Amritsar. One afternoon an Indian juggler came into the garden of the house where we were staying, and did some very clever tricks on the lawn, turning a piece of leather into a snake, baking corn in an open muslin cloth without a fire, making balls disappear, or pass from one place to another, and other things. How

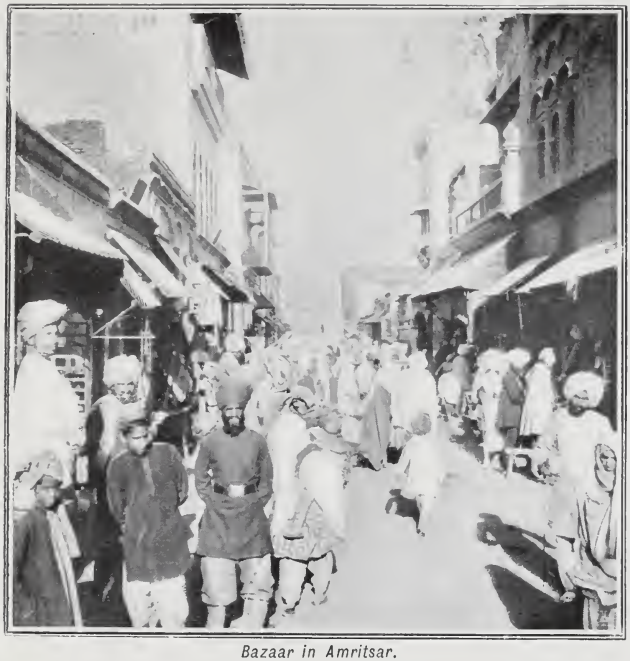
he could do these things on the bare ground without any seeming appliances was wonderful.

Christmas Eve was a Sunday, and in the morning we went to the Urdu service at the Mission Church. There were a great many present, both men and women, besides the school children. The women looked so nice in their white chuddahs. The service was all in Urdu, and was so bright and hearty, and with a Romanized Prayer Book I could follow it all. It was strange to hear the Queen prayed for as the Kaiser-i-Hind, and the Prince of Wales as the Shazada-i-Welz. The sermon was preached by one of the Indian pastors, and after church we met another, Dr. Imad-ud-din, once a Mohammedan, who is over eighty

North Indian Street Scene

years of age, and has been a Christian more than thirty years.*

In the afternoon we drove to Jandiala, a town some miles off, to be present at a nice little service in the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society's house. A number of both men and women came, and they sang a strange, weird native bhajan or hymn. After the service we went into Jandiala city to see the Mission Church, a tiny building with the native pastor's house by it. We saw too the Reading Room, in charge of a native pastor. There are plenty of Christian books and magazines, and these are lent, besides which about 14,000 men come to the reading room in the year, and all are talked to by the Christian worker. Then we went to the hospital, where a Native Christian doctor carries on a small medical mission. The Zenana ladies have also a hospital for women close to their house.



Bazaar in Amritsar.

On our way to the various places we passed through the narrow streets of the very quaint native town, and as we went back to the Zenana house we saw among the fields a shrine to the goddess of small-pox, watched over by two Brahmans. An idol was in the shrine, with lights burning in front, and a large figure of a tiger acts as a sort of guardian.

On the morning of Christmas Day I woke early, to hear strains of

* As these pages are passing through the press we hear with regret of the death of this distinguished convert.

music from native bands, which go about like our 'waits.' Then the girls from the Middle Class School came to sing carols, and then had tea and cakes in the dining-room. After them came the girls from the Alexandra School, who sang outside the verandah; just before breakfast arrived a dear old Christian, once a Moslem moulvie, who originally came from Swat, towards Chitral, to give his Christmas wishes. He wore the most enormous white turban I have ever seen, and insisted on giving the Central Asian greeting to all the gentlemen—that is, a series of hugs (happily, he only clasped the hands of the ladies). All day came streams of visitors to give good wishes to our host and hostess, bringing trays of fruit or sweets.

We went to the English Church in the morning, and had a happy service. Numbers of soldiers in their red coats sang most heartily.

In the afternoon we were taken by one of the medical missionaries into the city of Amritsar. We drove down narrow native streets lined with tiny shops where all sorts of queer things are sold, and at last reached the far-famed Golden Temple, where we had to take off our shoes and put on slippers, no leather being allowed inside.

The temple stands on an island in the midst of a lake, and is reached by a causeway. It is covered with gilded copper, which glistens in the sun. The water is considered very holy, and is called 'the water of immortality.' A man was bathing in it as we arrived, hoping in this way to wash away his sins. But though numbers of Hindus go to worship here, the real worshippers are the Sikhs. There is no idol, but a book called the Grunth, which contains the writings of a man named Nan-uk, who lived some hundreds of years ago, is the god worshipped. We first saw a building in which is a chamber containing a bedstead decked with quilts of silk. In this the book is put to bed each night, accompanied by the sound of music. Leaving this building, we passed through a gateway on to the causeway. Here was a constant stream of worshippers. Fine-looking men, gaily dressed women in chuddahs of blue or pink or yellow or green, and children in equally gay clothing, made up a brilliant scene, with all the colours of the rainbow. Bright it looked; but oh, the sadness of it!

When we reached the temple we saw the people bowing down at the entrance and touching the ground, picking up the 'holy dust,' and then putting their hands on either cheek, or some approached with hands held together in prayer. Others held strings of beads and kept saying (of course

not in English), 'Oh! great name, Oh! great name,' over and over again, passing a bead on the string at each utterance.

We went into the temple, and saw in front something covered with many folds of silk. A priest was keeping the flies off it with a whisk. Some coins were being thrown in front of it and flowers on top by the worshippers. These flowers in turn were taken off by the priest, who gave them back to the people, and they pressed them to their lips or put them on their heads or threw them in the sacred lake.

The worshippers were just walking round and round the building, while a number of musicians played native instruments, making a strange noise, and chanted pieces out of the Grunth.

We went round behind the book, and as a special favour the coverlets were lifted so that we could see a piece of the Grunth itself. Surely it is the strangest god for people to worship! Then, looking down steps

Gate of the Causeway, Golden Temple, Amritsar.

Clock Tower and Golden Temple, Amritsar.

leading from the temple to the lake, we saw the worshippers going down to the water, scooping it up in their hands, putting it on head and face and eyes, or else drinking it, considering it a certain assurance of pardon. Perhaps nothing there was so sad to see as the tiny children. I saw a mother making her little one bow down before the book. I saw an elder brother giving some of the water to a wee child to drink. Oh! how one longed that they should know of the Saviour who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Walking around the lake we saw many other phases of worship. Inside chapels, Sikh teachers were reading aloud from copies of the book, or were preaching. Hindu teachers too were reading aloud from their sacred writings. In some places large groups of women, doing their sewing or weaving, were sitting, listening to these teachers, much on our 'mothers' meeting' principle, for the Hindu and Sikh women here are free to come to this temple, not being shut up closely in zenanas. We saw sacred Hindu bulls strolling about, we saw a Sikh nun, we saw many

Hindu monks, we saw a native doctor selling his drugs, we saw several trees with pieces of rag tied on them as offerings, we saw women feeding the fish in the lake as a work of merit, we saw Indian hemp being prepared—a very intoxicating drug, drunk as part of the worship; but perhaps the strangest thing of all were the fakirs or holy men, of whom there were several. One had long matted hair hanging almost to his heels, while another's claim to holiness lay in his strange head-dress. Others had their long hair twisted in coils above the head. One was living in a little booth which he had built inside the temple grounds, and where he says he will stay till he dies. All these fakirs are given food by the people, who consider it a good work to feed them. These fakirs do these various things believing that by so doing they assure their salvation. How one longs for them to know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin! We met many old Mission Hospital patients in the temple, and it was delightful to see their friendly feeling to the Christian missionary.

I wish I could describe better all we saw during that visit to the temple, but I cannot take up more space. It was my first sight of actual idolatry in India, and I think I may truly say that nowhere had I seen such numbers in any heathen temple before, not even in China or Japan, which I visited some years ago. Would that the people of Christian lands could see it! Surely then there would be much more prayer for God's work in our Indian Empire, and surely it would call forth many more labourers to that part of His vineyard, where they are so few. One's heart ached at the thought of these people worshipping that book as a god, which can give no help or comfort to the many sad hearts who go there. May I ask all who read this to remember in their prayers these worshippers at the Golden Temple, and to ask that some of them, and some even of those poor ignorant fakirs, may indeed learn to know the true 'waters of immortality,' even the blood of Jesus Christ?

Fakir in Golden Temple, Amritsar.

CHAPTER VI.

HEALING AND PREACHING.

IN our last chapter we visited together some of the different branches of missionary work in Amritsar. But there is one very important branch of which so far we have seen next to nothing in India. I mean the Medical Mission work, and it is about that, as we saw it in some of its centres in the Punjab, that I want now to tell you.

On the morning after Christmas Day we again went into the city of Amritsar, and after paying a visit to the ladies of the Church of England Zenana Society, from the roof of whose house we had a fine view over the city, we went on to the hospital to see the working of the C.M.S. Medical Mission. When we got there, the first thing was to gather all the assistants together, from doctors down to bottle-washers, for the Bible-class with which they always begin the day's work. Some of the workers from branch dispensaries in the country had come in, and so there were twenty-seven present, all being Christians. Of these, seventeen were converts from Mohammedanism, the others having been Hindus, except one whose father was a Christian. Seventeen, too, of those present had been brought to Christ through this Medical Mission, and now are true workers for Him in connection with it. Two of those present had been moulvies—that is, Moslem teachers. It was indeed a joy after the class to speak to each one in turn, while in a few brief words we were told his story.

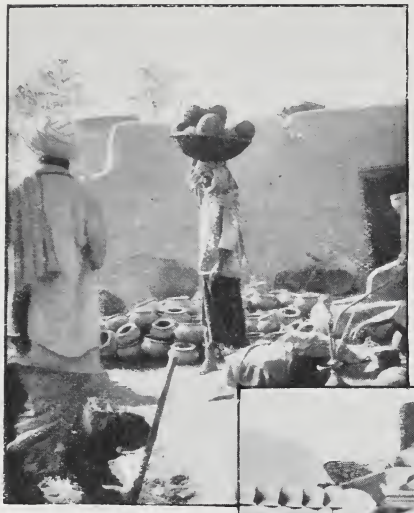
We then went into a verandah at the back of the hospital, where the out-patients, about sixty, had assembled. One of the workers was preaching to them while they waited to see the doctor. Then we sat in the consulting-room, watching them come in one by one to see the Medical Missionary who prescribed : an assistant wrote out the prescription, and they passed on to get their medicine at the dispensary, or in some cases to have wounds

dressed by another assistant in the dressing-room. How I wish I could tell you of each case we saw, to give you some idea of the sorrow and suffering. There were tiny babies, one with an abscess, the other with bronchitis, brought by parents; there were many cases of bad eyes among both men and women. One man was led in by his little boy, who piteously said, 'I have no mother, no friend, only my poor old father. Can't you make at least one eye better?' and then the little chap burst into tears. How he cheered up when he heard that the doctor hoped he *could* make the eyes better.

Then came an old woman, one eye ruined by an ignorant native doctor. 'I am a poor Hindu widow, with no one to love me; look at the other eye,' she says. She is told to come back in a month, when an operation will, the doctor hopes, save the other eye. But I cannot tell of all the cases of terrible abscesses, of poisoned hand and foot from a cat bite, and many other things. One sad case I must, however, mention. A little boy was brought by his father. Fifteen days before he had fallen and broken his arm. They were bringing him to the hospital, but met a man who said, 'No need to do that; I will bind it up.' And so he did; and now the boy, so says his father, 'cannot sleep for pain.' Of course not! The rag is taken off, and discloses a terrible wound at the elbow. 'A compound fracture and dislocation of elbow,' says the doctor; and never having been set, the bone has caused this terrible wound. He must come back in a day or two to have it examined under chloroform, and the doctor hopes even now to be able to save the arm.

But our time was passing, so we left the consulting-room and went to see the other parts of the building, the dressing-room, dispensary, operating-room, etc. Then we went into the wards, where there were about thirty beds, and saw the in-patients, several of whom were candidates for baptism. Thankful indeed were we to see this work, which so often leads those who seek healing for their bodies to know Christ, the Physician of the Soul.

The following day we went to see a village mission at Sultanwind. We drove through the city and out into the country for about four miles, over a rough road to the village. It was once a very hard place, but gradually softened, and much blessed work has been done there. Over sixty have been baptized in the quaint little native church, where the



The Pottery.

was in full swing, under the native doctor and assistants.

We walked right through the village, and got many a peep at the life of the people. The lanes were about four feet wide, the centre being a ditch of filth, so that there was not much room to walk. Once, round a corner came three donkeys. Happily, there was a gateway into which we could step, for there was not much room to pass! We looked into several houses and courtyards. We saw weavers at work, gold and silver smiths, wool-combers, an oil mill worked

A Cottage Door.

congregation sit on the floor and the preacher *sits* on a sort of low pulpit. The bell is a piece of iron rail, which is beaten with another piece.

We saw the village pastor's house and the house-top room where the missionary stays when he visits the place. Then we passed on through the queerest little narrow lane between mud walls to see the dispensary, a branch of the Amritsar Medical Mission. Here the missionary work

In the Village Street.

Three Village Scenes in Sultanwind.

by oxen pressing oil from linseed, potters working at the wheel, women spinning, and many another sight of the home life of the people. Many gathered on the house-tops to look at us, and all were friendly. Yet before the Medical Mission came they would not have allowed Christians to walk through the village.

That afternoon we left Amritsar, and at the station I was interested to see several Moslem women wearing the *burkah*, a long white garment which covers them entirely, with two network-covered holes left for the eyes.

That day we saw nothing interesting on the journey, passing through flat, sandy country. But after travelling all night, just at dawn we crossed a long bridge across the Indus. Then, as the sun rose, we could see high mountains on either side of us beyond the broad plain. And soon, away to the east, we saw lovely ranges of snow mountains, the lofty Himalayas, lit up by the morning sun. Though far away, every white peak stood out against the sky, and it was a beautiful sight.

At last we reached Peshawar, and the sight of many wild-looking tribesmen clad in sheepskin coats, for it was very cold, showed us that we were near to the Afghan frontier. The roads in the foreign cantonments are nice and wide, and there is a great deal of pretty foliage: the city, however, is a little distance from most of the houses of European residents.

Soon after 7.30 a.m. on the morning after reaching Peshawar we started for a day's excursion through the Kyber Pass. Our party consisted of the two English doctors of the C.M.S. Medical Mission, with their wives, besides our two selves. We went in two tongas, a sort of low two-wheel dog-cart with a cover. Each was drawn by two horses, one in the shafts and one tied on at the side. The horses were changed about every six or seven miles. We had five sets going and five returning from Lundi Kotal, which is about thirty-two miles from Peshawar.

We started across the flat plain until we reached Fort Jamrud, where we had to show our permit and sign our names in a book. The Pass is only opened twice a week to travellers, and is then closely guarded: a traveller going on other days would almost certainly be robbed. The guardians of the Pass are the Kyber Rifles, Afridi tribesmen who live in the villages on the Pass, and who rebelled against the British power a few years ago. After Fort Jamrud we soon got into rather broken country, and shortly after reached the mountain range and entered the Kyber Pass. Often we saw

View from the Fort, Lundi Kotal.

a sentinel on guard on the top of little hillocks, and all the way up the Pass were numbers of block-houses on rocky heights, each garrisoned by a few men.

The Pass at first was a narrow defile between barren rocks. Then the road rose in zig-zags and the valley broadened. High rocky hills were on either side. About 10.30 we reached the foot of a high rock on which stands Fort Ali Musjid. We stopped for a little while and had breakfast picnic fashion, as we only had early tea before we started. Then we drove on through a wild, barren valley. Here and there were strange fortified villages, each surrounded by a wall, and containing a watch tower. Many of these villages were destroyed during the Afridi War, but others have sprung up. Strange, wild-looking people were the villagers, the men often carrying rifle or sword or dagger, and clothed in a yellow and brown kind of blanket over their clothes, which makes them just the colour of the soil,

and so very hard to see. The women were rough, unkempt, dirty-looking creatures, and the children wild, dirty little mites.

Desolate barren hills rose on either side, and sometimes the road was cut along steep cliffs which descended to the gorge below. One realized what a key to India is this Pass, the great highway of trade to and from Central Asia. Soon after noon we reached Lundi Kotal, the outpost of British power in that direction, and also the outpost of Christ's kingdom.

We drove into the Fort, now garrisoned by Kyber Rifles, the British troops having just left, two years after the war. Then we all walked down to the great caravanserai, a large walled enclosure, where caravans passing to and fro spend a night. The central space is for the animals, and around are rooms for the people.

In one corner was a board with the letters 'C.M.S.,' showing where is a little dispensary, a branch of the Peshawar Medical Mission. We saw the dispensary, and the verandah where patients wait, also the room where the Native Christian assistant lives who works there. He was, however, away for a few days in Peshawar (where

Mission Dispensary, Lundi Kotal.

Caravan Serai, Lundi Kotal.

A Missionary Outpost on the Indian Frontier.

we met him next day). It was indeed a joy to see this outpost of missionary work, on the very border of Central Asia. Being in the serai, the dispensary is visited by many who pass to and fro in caravans. In that year, the first whole one that it had been opened, over 5,000 new cases had come for treatment, and all had heard the Gospel message, though the work must be individual, as no public preaching is allowed. To those who can read, a copy of the Gospels and Acts is given, and so the precious seed of God's Word is being carried into the closed lands of Afghanistan and Central Asia.

From the serai we walked for about twenty minutes farther on to a little hill, which is a fine point of view. When we reached the top, there burst upon us a wonderful sight. Below was the road zig-zagging down to the valley below. The Cabul river flowed through the valley at some distance, and above rose range above range of glorious bluish-purple mountains, with clouds in the distance resting on their summits. And then rising above the clouds far away were the peaks in the range of the Hindu Kush, their snowy tops above the clouds, making one realize their great height of, I suppose, 18,000 or 20,000 feet above the sea. It was a wonderful sight to stand thus looking away over the little known lands of the heart of Central Asia. But oh ! how sad to feel that beyond a little village on the hillside near at hand, in which the missionary doctor has visited, no foot of a messenger of the Gospel has ever passed. The heart of this great continent is dark without a spark of Gospel light from a human witness. Pray God that His Word, as it is carried there, may indeed convey light to the land 'sitting in darkness.'

We walked back to the Fort for luncheon, and then at 2.30 started on our homeward way, getting out of the Pass and back to Fort Jamrud at sunset, and to Peshawar about 6.30.

It was one of the most interesting days I ever spent, for many reasons. It seemed so strange to be in the midst of the wild tribes who were fighting against us two years before, and in country which was then lost, and afterwards recaptured by the British. One could understand the great difficulties of this mountain warfare amid those wild rocks. It is indeed a strange wild life led in their mountain fastnesses by the Afridi tribesmen, and fights between the various villages are frequent, in which lives are lost and blood shed.

In the Caravan Serai, Peshawar.

Another thing which greatly interested me was the peep into Central Asia. This was not only by seeing the mountain ranges, stretching far away, but from two caravans, one going and one returning, which we passed on the road. One of these must have been quite a mile in length. There were strings of camels laden with merchandise, and sometimes the old people and the children were riding on the top of the bales together with the hens! Besides the ordinary camels, there were great shaggy camels of Central Asia, with thick manes and furry coats. They looked rather like lions on long legs! but they are really splendid-looking beasts. There were donkeys too, and oxen as beasts of burden; then on one camel we saw the regular Persian conveyance for women to travel in—things like dog kennels slung one on each side, and in which a person can sit, but it must be very uncomfortable.

A caravan is no easy matter to pass, as the camels stray about on all sides. The drivers of the tongas blew horns to make people get out of the way, but some camels would not move, but had to be dragged by their owners, while others were frightened and ran away into the sandy ground at the side of the road.

The people with their caravans were a strange mixture. Dark-haired Afghans with strangely Jewish features. Fair-skinned members of Central Asia tribes, curious looking Thibetans, and men with almost Chinese features, so Mongolian was their aspect. It was indeed an interesting look into the centre of the great continent, and greatly did we enjoy our day's excursion, though of course we were tired with our sixty-four miles' drive.

Directly after breakfast next day we went off to visit the C.M.S. Medical Mission. We drove through a street of native bazaars, and

stopped a minute to see the great serai where the large caravans stay when in Peshawar. Then we went to the Mission Hospital. This consists of two native serais, and a third was being done up, and would soon be ready to be added. The buildings around the courtyard are fitted up as the various hospital rooms. First we met all the native workers, all of whom are Christians, and who gathered for the Bible-class which they usually have each morning. Then we went to the out-patients' waiting-room, where between sixty and seventy were assembled. A native worker addressed them on the healing of the paralytic man, and it was most interesting to watch how eagerly they listened. Then while one of the doctors was seeing patients his brother took us round the various buildings. The consulting-room, dressing-room, and dispensary lead out of each other, on one side of the first serai; on the other side are some of the rooms arranged as small wards. We saw two of the various store-rooms, and the operating-room, and then went up to the flat roof. From here there was a splendid view over the city, and across the plain to the blue mountains which surround it on almost every side, beyond which snowy peaks rose in several places. Close around the hospital are numerous caravan serais, so it is situated just in the very best place for reaching the border tribes who stay in these when they come in to trade in the city.

We next went into the second hospital serai. Here are rooms to which whole families come if they bring in a sick member. In this way, not only the patient, but all his or her family, are brought within sound of the Gospel for some time. They provide for themselves, only the room being given them to live in. I must not tell of all the many cases of sickness and suffering which we saw, for there is not time, but I must mention a few. One little boy was getting nicely over an operation, and his mother was there to look after him. They had never heard of Christ before coming to the hospital, and very willing were they to listen. Very many were the cases of diseases of the eye, and no wonder, amid the glare and dust of the mountains. Then there were numerous wounds got in fights among the turbulent mountain tribes. One poor man had had his arm cut through in two places. Too late he came to the hospital; nothing could give power to the hand, and he refused to have it amputated, as the doctor suggested. Another, a new patient with an almost Chinese face, had just come in with a bad chest complaint. Yet another, a fine looking mountaineer, was lying on

his bed with a stiff knee joint, which was under treatment. One outpatient showed an arm perfectly stiff at the elbow. He was told to come back again in a week or so, when his arm would be examined by Röntgen rays, the apparatus for which was soon coming out, for use in the hospital, having been presented to it by kind friends.

The Two Fakirs, Outpatients at Peshawar Hospital.

While we were seeing round, there came in two strange figures dressed in masses of dirty rags. One walked with the help of a crutch, but it was not he who wanted to see the doctor Sahib, but his friend, a queer-looking figure in a fur cap, and carrying an oblong bowl. He had bad toothache, and came to have a tooth out! These two were fakirs, religious beggars, who had come from four days' journey beyond Cabul, and that was 190 miles off.

As we heard of one and another who had come to this hospital from far away beyond the British frontier we realized what a power it is for spreading the news of Christ's love into Central Asia, for all who come hear the message, and then carry it back to their homes. And not only do they hear it in words, but they see the teaching carried out in the tenderness and care shown to them when they are ill. The two English doctors and the native doctor and assistants do all they can for them, and also the two English ladies, wives of the doctors, who help in dressing wounds, and in doing nursing in various ways, and by showing womanly sympathy to

all the suffering men and women and children who come to be treated. One man became very ill, and late at night the English doctor had to be sent for. His wife went down with him, and helped him in tending to the sick man. The man was greatly touched at the Mem Sahib coming down during the night with the doctor Sahib to look after him. It is sympathy and love such as this that makes the patients willing to hear and to accept the glad tidings of salvation, of which they are told in the Hospital often for the first time.

There is one more scene of Medical Mission work which I saw, and which I must mention. I mean the Duchess of Connaught Hospital in the city of Peshawar, under the charge of lady doctors of the Church of England Zenana Society. It is entirely for women, and those who come there are quite secluded, and no man is allowed to enter. One of the ladies kindly took me over it, and I much enjoyed seeing the work which is being done there for both bodies and souls of many poor suffering women. The need for the work of medical women missionaries is very real in India, as in many other heathen and Moslem lands. The poor women cannot be cared for in time of illness unless there is a doctor of their own sex at hand.

I hope you have all enjoyed our peeps together at the grand Christ-like Medical Mission work. Does it not fill your hearts with thankfulness to hear of what it is doing?

It is indeed a blessed work to bring healing to the suffering bodies of men and women and little children. But how far more blessed is it when with that bodily healing the message of Christ's Salvation is given to the sin-sick soul?

Let us not forget to thank God for those whom we have seen who by this means have been brought out of darkness into His marvellous light, and let us ask Him that many more may in like manner be brought to the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus.

A North Indian Well.

CHAPTER VII.

IN FAR NORTH-WESTERN INDIA.

MOST of the interesting sights which we witnessed in Peshawar were more or less connected with the Medical Mission work, and so you have read of them in our last chapter. But before we leave that frontier city I must tell you of one or two other things which we saw there. One afternoon we went to the Christmas festivity of the Native Christians in Peshawar. They met in the large boys' school, and first of all there were games for the children, and such-like things. Then followed the feast. All sat cross-legged on the floor, the men and women separately, and in another room

some Armenian women, who were in *purdah*, and not allowed to be with the men. We also sat down cross-legged, a position very difficult to keep long without cramp. The first dish was curry and rice, and was very good. All ate with their fingers. After a little while, during which we struggled to do so tidily, some one had pity on me and brought me a spoon. Next came some yellow and white sweet stuff, rather like a suet pudding. This I could not manage. Later came tea and sweets. A little of the latter went a long way. It was a pretty sight, especially the children in their gay coloured festal dresses. There were speeches at the end from various people, both missionaries and natives.

It was a joy to join with these same people on Sunday in worship at the beautiful little Mission church, and realize that, whatever our race or colour, we are 'all one in Christ Jesus.'

On New Year's Day we saw a review of all the troops in Peshawar, European and Indian. Across the parade ground they stretched in a long line, and behind them in a semi-circle some miles away rose the range of rocky mountains which are the boundary of India, and behind those again, clear against the blue sky, rose the glorious snowy peaks of the Hindu Kush and other ranges.

Salutes were fired by the artillery, and a *feu de joie* by the various infantry regiments which were present. Between each came strains of the National Anthem from the band. Then the General in command called for three cheers for Her Most Gracious Majesty the Empress of India, and these rang out, passing along the whole line in both directions, getting faint in the distance. It was indeed a sight full of interest—there, at the farthest outpost of our Indian Empire in that direction.

After leaving Peshawar we travelled southward once more to Lahore, in which we saw many sights of interest. In the Cathedral, to which we went for the wedding of two young Indian Christians, are some interesting monuments to Bishop French, to A.L.O.E., to Sir Robert Montgomery, and many others. We visited one morning the Christian College of the American Presbyterian Mission, where about 300 young men of many different religions come for four years to study for their B.A. degree. We saw, too, over the C.M.S. Institution of St. John's College.

The following day we went to the Town Hall for the Punjab University Convocation—that is, the conferring of degrees. About 150 Indian

students had their degrees conferred, some M.A., two as 'Bachelor of Oriental Learning,' some M.B., some B.L., and most B.A., while the gallery was crowded with undergraduates watching the proceedings.

We reached the hall about a quarter to 12 o'clock. Soon after the Lieutenant-Governor—who is Chancellor of the University—arrived, to the strains of the National Anthem. He was accompanied up the hall by the Fellows, European and Indian. One of the latter was a Rajah, around whose head was a very handsome gold and white pugaree turban. In front of it glistened a splendid aigret, simply sparkling with large diamonds, with five emeralds hanging from it. Sir Mackworth Young (as Chancellor) put the questions to the students, and they replied. All was in English, except for the Oriental degrees, when it was in Urdu. Then diplomas were handed to them. The distribution of special scholarship prizes and medals followed, and then an address was delivered. It was interesting to see how higher education is gradually increasing among the men of India.

The women, too, are at least beginning to be taught, not only in missionary, but also in Government, schools. I went to see the Government School in the city of Lahore for Hindu and Moslem girls. There were

The Camel Carriage Lahore. (see page 59).

The Elephants at Lahore.

about 300 of them, such dear little gaily dressed creatures, with bright faces. The inspectress and the mistress took me over it. The children sat on the floor in the various classes around their teachers. There were very few Hindu girls over 11 or 12 years old, as they marry so young. The Moslem girls stay till about 16. Most of them are in strict purdah, and the rooms have grass matting hung in front for fear a man should look in. They come to school either carried in *dhoolies* (covered chairs) or covered up in *burkahs.* From the roof of the school I had a fine view over the city, and could see how the women live so much on the roofs, where a sort of lattice work hides them from being seen.

But I must tell you a little of the other sights of Lahore which we were

enabled to see mainly through the kindness of the Lieutenant-Governor. One day we went out to some prettily laid out gardens with artificial channels of water between overhanging trees. We drove there in a carriage drawn by four camels, which trotted along at a good pace (see picture on page 57). Another afternoon we went to the Delhi Gate of the city, where elephants were to meet us. We found them waiting, gay in scarlet trappings and with scarlet-dressed 'mahouts,' or drivers, sitting on their heads in front of the howdah, armed with a sharp steel instrument, which, I am glad to say, they did not seem to use. They made the huge beasts kneel down, but even then we had to mount by a ladder into the howdah. When we were up, the animal rose. It was a most queer sensation, and made one rather inclined to fall out if one did not hold on!

Then off we rode through the narrow city streets, gay with the bright hues of the garments of the people, who crowded to see us on our elephants. We were as high as the first-floor windows, so had a splendid view over the heads of the crowd. The houses were high, and the fronts of some of them formed of richly carved woodwork. On one or two, evidently belonging to devout Hindus, was the name of their god painted over and over again, 'Ram, Ram, Ram.' On another, that no doubt of a loyal citizen, beneath some flowery lines of verse, were the words, 'God save the Empress.' We saw several fakirs among the crowd, with their begging bowls. At one place we stopped and got down to see a richly painted mosque built round the tomb of some Moslem saint, where one or two, worshippers were at their prayers.

Then we rode on right through the city. It was most interesting, though a queer sort of motion, rather like being on the sea. We went up to the Fort, and saw there an armoury full of old weapons, and also some beautiful rooms, highly decorated and with windows of perforated marble, from which we had a fine view over the country. Our elephants stopped at a tank to drink. It was amusing to see them take up the water in their trunks, and squirt it into their mouths.

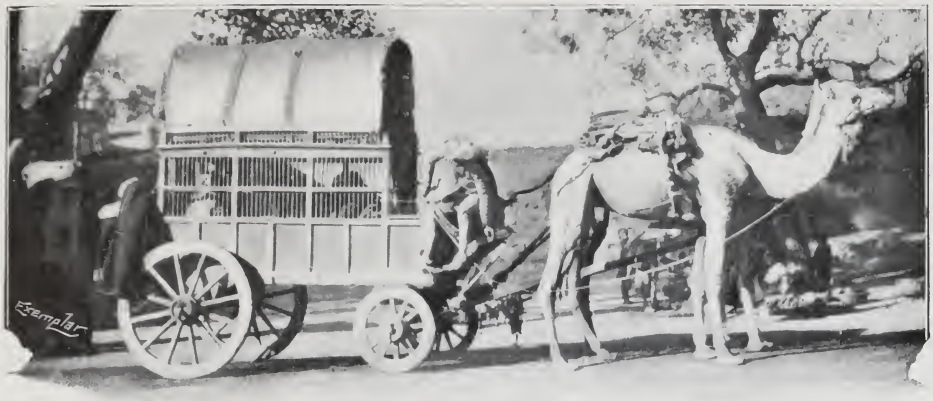
At the foot of the Fort hill we left the elephants, and got into a carriage. The last we saw of our huge steeds was the attendant mounting up beside the mahout, the elephant with his trunk making a step by which the man could get up to the top of its head!

We drove out about four miles from the city, through pretty wooded

country, and across the River Ravi by a bridge of boats, till we reached the Shahdera, the tomb of the Emperor Jehangir. The building is finely decorated and the tomb itself is very beautiful, being built of white marble inlaid with coloured stones in the pattern of flowers and leaves, etc. The ninety-nine names of God which the Moslems repeat were also inlaid in it.

From Lahore we once again returned for a brief visit to Amritsar, and while there spent a day in going out by train to Batala. We reached there in the middle of the morning, and went at once to the Baring High School. It is a fine building, having once been a palace. The missionary in charge lives on the upper storey, the school-boys down below. Before luncheon we went to see the various buildings, dormitories, school and class rooms, and the nice new chapel only just opened. We went, too, up to the roof of the school, and had a splendid view of the country around. To the north and east the view was cut off by the great range of the Himalaya Mountains, which rose like a huge wall from the plain. The snowy peaks stood out against the sky, far above the clouds. After luncheon we paid a visit to the Church of England Zenana Society's ladies in the house where Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.) used to live. We were shown A.L.O.E.'s room, where many of her books were written, and also went to see her grave. Then we went to see the Batala Mission Church, and on to the Church of England Zenana Society's Hospital and Dispensary. We had a glorious view of the snowy range in the evening light. Their great height is so striking. The peaks seem so far up in the sky! This is of course natural, as they are about 20,000 feet high, and rise from a plain which is not much above sea-level. We got back to the Baring High School in time for evening chapel, to which the bells in the school tower summoned us. Later in the evening we returned to Amritsar.

Before leaving Amritsar we went to see some of the work of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society's ladies in the city. We visited the Blind Institution, and saw the boys working at cane and straw work, and the girls doing weaving, etc., of various kinds, and also some older women. We also saw the school where they were learning to read and write in the Braille character, and other kinds of lessons. Then we went over St. Catherine's Hospital, and saw the schools both for girls and boys. A long day's journey from Amritsar brought us late at night to Delhi, but of all we saw there I must tell you in another chapter.



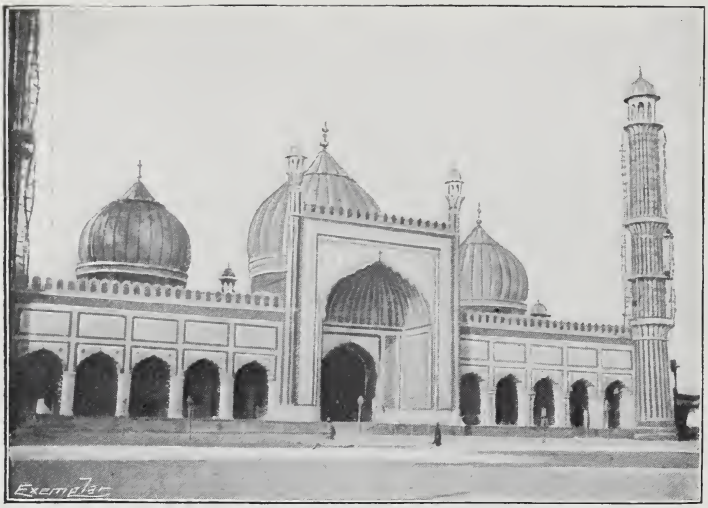
Camel Omnibus at Delhi.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME INDIAN CITIES AND THEIR PAST.

FOR a little while we will turn aside from directly missionary sights, for I want to take you in thought with me to visit some of the great historic cities for which Northern India is famous. Yet as we visit them I feel sure that they will fill your hearts, as they did mine, with sad thoughts. City after city, with the countless thousands of its population, gave one some idea of the millions in that land who are without God. Each one taught the same great missionary lesson, 'How can they hear without a preacher; how can they preach except they be sent?' Thank God, work is being done in some of them by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, by the Cambridge Mission, and by others, but our limited time made it impossible for us to see anything of their work. But we must linger no more, but hasten on to see together as much as possible.

Our first day in Delhi was spent in constant sight-seeing. Almost everything we saw was connected with the days of the Indian Mutiny. We went through the Cashmir Gate, with an inscription telling how it was blown up for our troops to enter through the breach, and drove on to the Fort to see within its walls the old palace of the Kings of Delhi. The Audience Hall, with its marble throne, is very beautiful. Ceilings and walls



Jumna Musjid, Delhi.

are richly painted and inlaid, showing out well against the white marble of which all is built. An aqueduct runs through the buildings, which used to be filled with water to keep them cool. We visited, too, the rooms where the Queen and her ladies used to live, and the bath-rooms, containing shower bath, plunge bath, the children's bath, the Queen's bath, the rose-water bath, and the Turkish bath—all built of inlaid white marble.

We saw the flight of steps by which the King fled at the time of the siege of Delhi, and then we went into the Pearl Mosque, a beautiful little place with finely carved marble pillars, which was the 'private chapel,' so to speak, of the King. Lastly, we went into the great Hall of Audience, and saw the richly inlaid throne where the king used to sit, though the actual jewelled chair is there no longer. It has, I believe, been carried off to Persia. Leaving the Fort, we drove on to the Jumna Musjid, a very large mosque with an enormous courtyard and some fine minarets: there were no worshippers there at the time, but on Fridays, we were told, the great courtyard is crowded with thousands of them. Later on we drove up the Ridge, a stony hill overlooking the city, so renowned as the site of the British camp during the siege. We saw where the English cantonment used to be, and from the flagstaff tower we could get a very good view of the city and the surrounding country, and had the sites of several of the batteries and fortifications pointed out to us.

On the Ridge, too, we saw some interesting monuments: one, a beautiful spire-like building called the 'Mutiny Memorial,' was erected in

memory of all who were killed or who died during the siege and the storming of Delhi. The total numbers are stated, and the names of officers engraved on tablets let into the walls. Here, too, we saw a map of the British position during the siege. One other interesting monument on the Ridge was not of the Mutiny, but of much earlier date. This was a pillar which was erected as early as 300 B.C., probably by Asoka, a Buddhist ruler. Returning to the city, we passed the Cabul Gate and saw the place where John Nicholson received his mortal wound during the storming of Delhi, and then we drove through some very pretty gardens into the Chandi Chowk, the principal street, full of fine shops containing many articles of native work and manufacture. We noticed in the streets carts drawn by camels, which look most cumbersome conveyances.

In the afternoon, we visited the cemetery to see the grave of John Nicholson, who died at the very time of victory, and then drove on to see a Jain temple. The religion of these people seems to be a strange mixture of Hinduism and Buddhism. The entrance gate was of beautifully carved red stone, and much of the interior courtyard was of pure marble work. The central shrine contained an image of Buddha seated on a throne several tiers in height. The side

Outside the Great Mosque, Delhi.

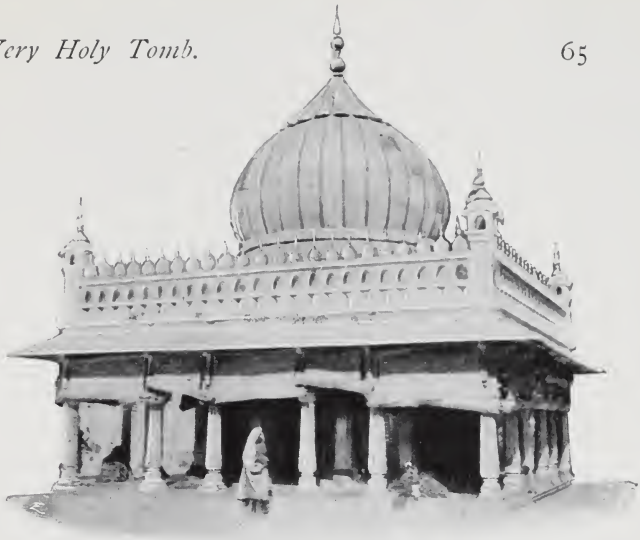
shrines were so dark that it was hard to see them. In passing through the streets we several times saw small idols on shelves inside the shops, and noticed many men with the mark of their god on their forehead. We were getting more into the region of idolatry, now that we were farther south. We went to several shops in the native bazaars, sitting as it were on the counter bordering on the street, while the seller squatted inside among his wares.

The following day our sight-seeing was almost entirely connected with ancient Indian history, for we went out to the Kutab, eleven miles distant, and on the way we visited many places of interest.

We drove first through the city, and out into the country on the other side, and soon saw that we were in a land of ruins. On every side arose ruined domes, forts, buildings, palaces, towers. We were told that in the course of history there have been no fewer than nine cities of Delhi. Different rulers built their own special seat of government on different sites, so that old ruined cities are scattered about in the neighbourhood of modern Delhi, some being as much as a dozen miles distant. These ruins are for the most part uninhabited, or at best can boast only a few scattered villagers, or a few Moslem priests, who take care of some of the old mosques. The first thing which we saw of interest was a pillar made of one block of stone, and dating, it is said, from before the Christian era. Driving on a little farther we alighted at the gateway of a fine courtyard surrounded by cloisters, and containing a well-wooded garden. In the centre rose the great dome erected in the sixteenth century over the grave of the Emperor Humayun by his widow. He died by falling from the roof of his palace,

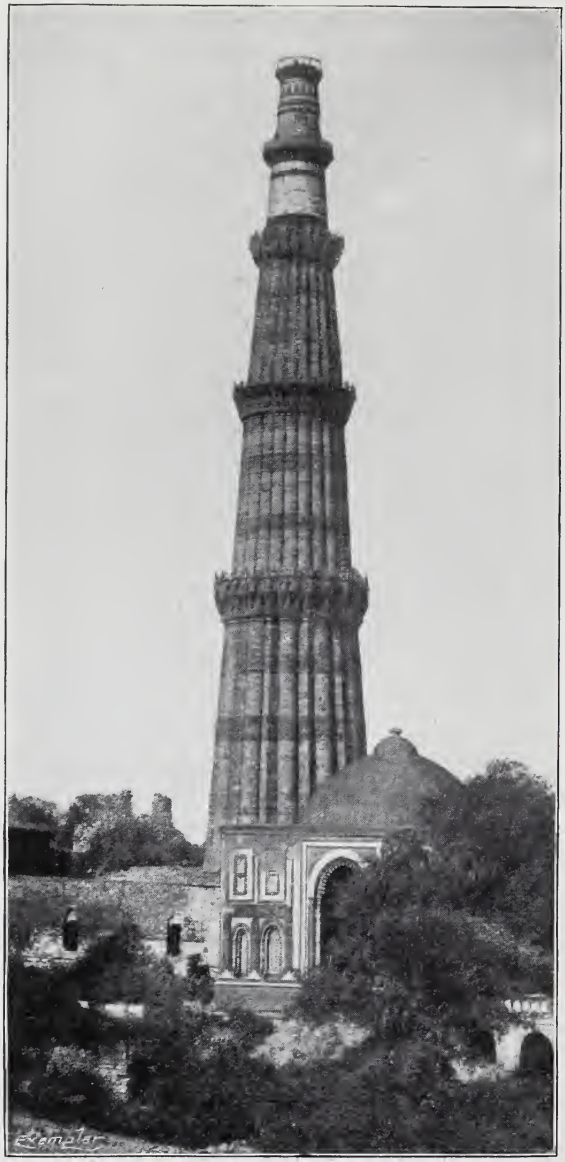
Humayun's Tomb outside Delhi.

where he had gone to pray. In other chambers of the building are other tombs of the Imperial Family. The widow herself was buried here, and here for the first time I saw the difference between a Moslem man and woman's grave. His had on the top in stone a pen tray, hers had a writing-board, to signify that on a woman's life a man may write what he pleases! Around the platform on which the building stood were entrances to other vaults and graves. We looked down into the darkness. 'There are plenty of snakes down there,' said our guide. I was glad when he added that it was now too cold for them to come above ground! It was in this mausoleum that the last King of Delhi hid himself after the siege of Delhi in 1857, and from which he was fetched back as prisoner. We drove on still farther, and, passing through fallen-down walls, entered the fine ruins of another of the Delhis. Passing through narrow lanes, past a large tank intended for bathing, we reached a group of well-preserved buildings. One of these was the tomb of a priest who lived in the fourteenth century. The sarcophagus is covered with cloth, and the walls of the buildings in which it lies are formed of slabs of perforated marble, the whole being surmounted by a marble dome. This is a very holy place to Moslems, who come here on pilgrimage.



Moslem Priests' Tomb outside Delhi.

Driving on once more, we at last reached our farthest destination, yet another city, now known as Kutab. The chief thing of interest here was an enormous tower, which rises in five tiers, getting smaller as they ascend, and reaching 238 feet in height. It formerly had two more tiers, which have fallen: one of them has been set up intact by its side. On each tier of the tower, which is of red sandstone, are carved in colossal letters texts from the Koran. It is stated in some histories that this



Kutab Minar.

'Kutab Minar' was erected by Afghan conquerors to commemorate the victory of Mohammedanism over the idol worshippers of Delhi. Others say that it was built earlier, and that it was added to from time to time, and that the texts alone were placed there by the Afghan warrior chief. At all events, it is said to date back to the twelfth century, and is the most wonderful piece of architecture we saw in India, recalling rather the great ruins of Upper Egypt. Beyond the tower we passed into a spacious courtyard, and wandered among a perfect labyrinth of ruins of temples and mosques. Around there were a series of fine cloisters, each pillar carved very beautifully with leaves and animals, or ancient Hindu gods. But the faces of these last were almost all destroyed, the work of Moslem invaders. Still, a few could be traced, such as Hanuman, the monkey god, and also a series representing Krishna's mother making butter. The sacred cow, too, was to be

seen. Then at one end was a very fine arch deeply carved with passages from the Koran. This was the work of the Moslem conquerors of the twelfth century. Surrounded by some of the finest carved work was the tomb of one of these old Moslems, in front of which was a little lamp, for, even after all these centuries, Moslems pay respect to the dead man who lies there. One inscription on the walls was in three languages and characters.

In another part of the building there were remains of a Jain temple ; in another place was Buddhist carving. It was a strange illustration of the many changes through which India has passed in her history to find close together the relics of three of the great world-forms of religion, in Hinduism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism. There was one thing more of great interest among these ruins, and that was a pillar of wrought iron over twenty-three feet in height, and bearing a Sanskrit inscription. This dates from A.D. 319, and it certainly may be well called one of the most curious monuments in India.

We left Delhi next morning, getting a fine view of the Fort and city as we crossed the bridge over the River Jumna. We travelled all day through a flat dry country, with hedges of cactus bordering the railway, till just at sunset, as we neared Agra, we sighted the lovely white cupola and minarets of the Taj Mahal, lit up by evening sunlight.

Next morning we went to see it. Words quite fail to express the beauty of that wonderful tomb. When we reached the entrance gate we looked through at a wonderful vista—a long stretch of garden, trees on either side, water down the centre, and at the end, against the blue sky, the white marble vision of loveliness, the Taj with its dome and minarets and platform, all white and glowing in the mid-day sun.

From the top of the gateway (which is of red sandstone) we obtained a still more extensive view, and then passed on to the Taj itself. Outside, the white marble is carved beautifully and inlaid with colours. But the greatest beauty is within. Here a perforated marble screen surrounds the two tombs. Between the divisions of the screen are borders of white, inlaid with flowers of every colour, made of costly stones. In one flower I counted over fifty pieces inlaid, yet the flower was no larger than a five-shilling piece.

The Taj was built as a mausoleum for his wife by the Emperor Shah

Doorway of Akbar's Tomb.

Jehan, and within the screen is her tomb, and also his, which was put there later : both are inlaid with the most lovely work. We went down below, and in the vault saw the actual tombs, those above being, as it were, only memorial tablets. Then we walked round the building inside, admiring the windows of perforated marble ; and then around outside on the marble terrace, and looked down on the Jumna below, where, alas ! was very little water, as even the great river was nearly dry through want of rain.

We drove back to the Mission-house, where we were staying, through the bazaars in Agra city. The main street is paved, and some of the fronts of the houses are finely carved. Among the shops were several where idols were being sold.

In the afternoon we went to see the Fort, which is built of red sandstone. Inside it is the Pearl Mosque, of white marble, with a fine courtyard, cloisters, and hall of columns (all of marble). The most striking thing was two chambers divided off from the rest, with room for forty-five women in each : it was the first time we had seen provision made by Moslems for women praying in mosques. But this mosque is no longer used.

Then we went over the palace in the Fort, which was formerly the residence of the old Moghul Emperors. The courtyards, halls, bed-rooms, bath-rooms, libraries, etc., both in white marble and in red sandstone, were very fine. Some of the old colouring, too, was most rich.

We saw, too, the zenana portions of the building, and went down to the underground dungeons where the Emperors used to imprison their unfortunate wives. In one dungeon was the beam from which offending wives were hung, and below it a hole in the ground (formerly it was a well) into which their bodies fell and were washed away into the river.

During our stay in Agra we visited another beautiful tomb outside the

city, at Secundra, that of the Emperor Akbar, who reigned from 1556, a splendid mausoleum built of red sandstone and white marble, and standing in fine gardens. The actual tomb is in a vault below, but the monument is at the very top of the building, where is a sort of open court surrounded by walls of perforated marble. In the court is also a sort of short pillar, from the top of which, it is said, the Koh-i-noor was taken.

We left Agra for Lucknow on January 16th, and on our way stopped for a few hours at Cawnpore to see the various sights. Very pathetic they were, all being connected with the terrible days of the Mutiny. We went first to the Memorial Church. Around the chancel are tablets bearing the names of over a thousand 'Christian people'—men, women, and children—who met their deaths there at that time, and in memory of whom the church was built. We went on to the 'Massacre Ghat,' the steps on the banks of the Ganges from which the unfortunate refugees entered the boats on that terrible occasion, only to be shot down by the Nana's orders.

Then we drove into the gardens, with many fine tropical plants, and there in the centre was the memorial over the well. Into that well 229, mostly women and children—some killed, some only wounded—were thrown on July 15th, 1857. A cross close by marks the site of the bungalow in which they were massacred by the rebels. Now their well-tomb is closed over, surrounded by a palisade of carved white stone, and above it stands a beautiful marble statue of an angel holding two palm branches. Over the gate leading to the enclosure are the words, 'These are they which came out of great tribulation.' It is a most lovely monument, and no one can look on it unmoved.

We only spent one day in Lucknow, and in the morning went out to the Alum Bagh, an enclosure and sort of garden, containing the tomb of Sir Henry Havelock. In this enclosure, and in a ruined building in its midst, the relieving force advancing to the siege of Lucknow was entrenched, and much fighting took place around. We went on to another place nearer the city—the Dilkoosha—which also was held by the relief column, and from there we drove on by the route by which they advanced, fighting their way. We entered the Secundra Bagh, a walled enclosure where 2,000 mutineers were slain, and then after passing a house on which Lieutenant (now Lord) Roberts hoisted the British Flag in 1857, we noticed a tablet in a wall marking the proximity of the spot where the relieving and besieged Generals joined hands in that eventful year.

In the afternoon we went round the Zahur Baksh, the old palace in parts of which the missionaries in Lucknow live, and where we were staying. It is a strange rambling old place, very large, but a great deal of it in ruins. It belonged to some Indian grandee, but was forfeited at the time of the Mutiny, and has now come into the possession of the C.M.S. Within the compound are church, school, parsonage, etc., but the rooms of the house itself are too large to be comfortable. After all, a palace is not always the best sort of place in which to live!

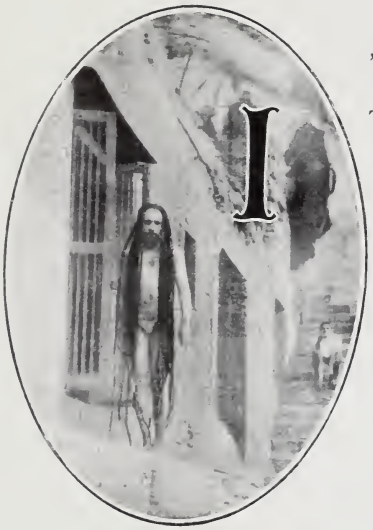
Then we started off sightseeing again, going out to the great Imambara, where two large courtyards surround some tombs and a mosque, and then to the Housseinabad, a Mohammedan mausoleum, and so back to see the famous Residency, which was besieged by the mutineers in 1857. The siege began on June 30th, and lasted 86 days. At length, on September 25th, the relieving force under Generals Outram and Havelock fought their way in, but could not get out again, and all together were besieged for a further period of 53 days, till relieved on November 19th by Sir Colin Campbell. At the beginning there were 2,994 within the Residency, men, women, and children; but hundreds were either killed during the incessant bombardment or died of disease.

We saw the cemetery where many were buried. Very touching were the inscriptions on the stones. On the grave of Sir Henry Lawrence, who was mortally wounded as early as July 2nd, are the simple words, 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.' We went down into the cellars where, for the sake of safety, 220 women and children lived in darkness during the siege. All the ruins of the Residency are left just as they were, riddled with shot and shell marks, but all around a beautiful garden is well kept up. Passing the banqueting hall, which was used as a hospital, we went through the Bailey Guard Gate, through which the relieving force entered, and so away from this spot of intense and pathetic interest.

Now we have seen many interesting monuments of past Indian history, and you can realize how strangely chequered that history has been. Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Hinduism, have all in turn been the leading powers in that land. Shall we not pray that the time may be hastened when Christianity shall conquer them all, so that the people of India may not only acknowledge our Empress-Queen as their sovereign, but may also serve our dear Master Christ as King of kings and Lord of lords?

CHAPTER IX.

'MID SCENES OF DARKEST HEATHENDOM.



A Holy Man with Long Hair.

IT was not until we had been some weeks in India that we found ourselves in the midst of the blackness of its idolatry. Truly we had seen something of Sikhism at Amritsar, and the worship of the Grunth, but the religion of the north is so largely Mohammedan that we had not yet come in contact with Hinduism to any great extent. You must not think, however, that the Moslem faith is only in the north. It is present all through India. At Allahabad we saw perhaps 100 Moslems at their midday prayer in a field, going through all their various postures—standing, kneeling, bowing, etc.

But now I want to tell you something of what we saw of Hinduism in the North-West Provinces, and to try and help you to understand a little of its darkness and superstition. How I wish that any words of mine could in the very least give an adequate description of the sights of Heathenism which we witnessed at Allahabad on the morning of January 20th, but words are so powerless to give any real idea. The great Allahabad Mela was going on, which is a sort of religious fair. It is held every year, and lasts about a month, but every thirteenth year it is specially great. This year, 1900, was the sixth—that is, mid-way in the thirteen years. They expected a very large gathering, and sometimes as many as two millions of people come. But owing to the Plague, the Government would not allow railway tickets to be issued, and there were fewer people than

usual. The gathering is held on the sides of the sandy bed of the River Ganges, which is left dry at that time of year, and just at its junction with the Jumna. The Hindus say a third river, one from heaven, joins them also, and the junction of the three is regarded as a very specially sacred spot for bathing, so that sin may be washed away.

We first drove to the Fort, which overlooks the river. Having passed a pillar carved with the edicts of King Asoka, dating from about 250 B.C., we went on to visit the underground temple. We went down a flight of steps into a dark passage, men holding tiny clay lamps to give us light. On either side of the passage were little niches, each one filled by some ghastly idol, horrible and revolting in appearance. Each one had flowers before it, and was wet with water from the Ganges sprinkled on it by worshippers.

From the passage we passed into a pillared hall, pitch dark. Here, too, the light from the lamps showed us numbers of idols of various sizes: there must have been over a hundred altogether. One specially sacred object of worship was the 'ever-living tree,' a bifurcated trunk which is said never to die. But all except the poor, simple worshippers, know that it is renewed every two or three years. By it sat an old priest to receive offerings, and just behind it opened a narrow, low passage, which they say leads to Benares. That being seventy miles off, no one can go through to prove it, though a soldier, it is reported, once started, and has never come back: the Natives say he was killed by a snake.

The horror of that black, dark underground temple, words cannot express. It seemed a very fort of darkness, a stronghold of the Evil One. Amid that degradation and idolatry, the very air seemed full of the powers of evil in a way that I had seldom before felt, even in other heathen temples.

We came back again into the light of day, and, leaving the Fort, drove along the road leading to the river bank. By the roadside acres of ground were covered by the little huts in which dwelt the fakirs who had come to the Mela. These fakirs are so-called holy men—the Hindu name for them is rather Sadhu, the word fakir properly belonging to a Moslem, but frequently used to denote any ascetic, whether Hindu or Moslem. They wander about the country, and are fed and supported by the people, over whom they have great power. There are various sects of them.

One sect clothes in loose flowing robes of apricot colour. Others are dressed in most fantastic garments, and carry a trident (see Frontispiece). Others wear hardly any clothes, but let their hair grow very long, either letting it hang down the back or else rolling it round in coils on the top of the head. Some daub their bodies with white ashes, some paint or whiten their faces. Some put themselves to various forms of self-torture.

The great feature of this year's Mela was the number of these Sadhus who were attending it: some people said as many as 25,000 of them were expected. Let me try to describe them as we saw them while passing along the road in front of their temporary habitations.

On the very outskirts, outside his little hut lay a man on a bed made of iron spikes sticking upwards. A little farther on one was engaged in writing with his finger on the dusty ground. Just behind another was occupied in arranging the long hair of his companion and covering it with dust and ashes. Under a tree sat a man with his right arm raised straight above his head. It had been in that position for so many years that it

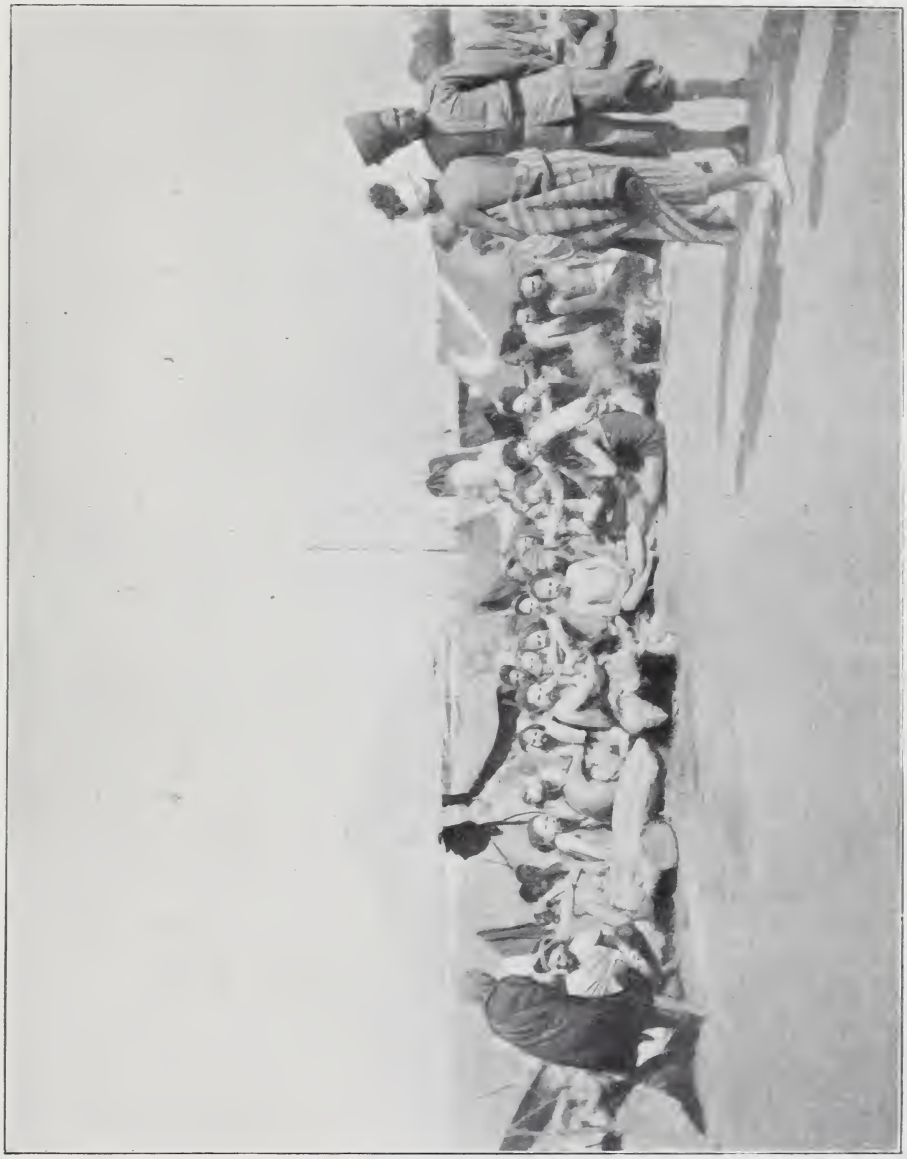
The Fakir on a Bed of Spikes at the Mela.

Holy Man with Hand up at Allahabad Mela.

was dry and withered and cannot now be taken down. Some others were reading their sacred books. Others in large groups sat talking together ; and all these men lead these lives of asceticism or of torture in order to win heaven. It was a sight appalling in its sadness, in its horror. To realize that these hundreds, yes thousands, before our eyes, were thus held captive by the Devil ; that these souls for whom Christ died were living these degraded lives because they do not know of His love for them.

Looking at them with their whitened, naked bodies, their painted faces, their unkempt hair, it was hard to realize that they were human ; but oh, the evil looks on some of the faces ! And these were the ' holy men ' of Hinduism.

On leaving their encampment we went down the bank on to the dry, sandy river bed. Beneath us were the rows of huts and tents of the Mela. In front flowed the Ganges, and to our right the Jumna. A point of land at their junction was the most holy place for bathing. On the sand below the walls of the Fort we saw beneath a straw roof one of the most hideous idols imaginable. It was an image of Hanuman, the monkey god, lying on its back, in a sort of pit reached by steps. The idol was painted bright red, with staring black and white eyes, and the whole of it was simply wreathed in flowers. The thing was, I suppose, about twelve or fifteen feet long, and was ugly and revolting in the extreme. Even as we looked a man was in front of it prostrating himself with his face to the ground, and then concluding his devotions by touching the still wet red paint on the idol, and with it putting a red mark on his forehead. The degradation of such worship filled one's heart with sadness and horror,



A Group of Fakirs at the Mela at Allahabad.

yes, and with shame that we who know the Gospel are letting millions live and die amid such base idolatry, without telling them of something better.

We went on across the sand, passing a blind devotee swaying from side to side and calling on his god, 'Ram, Ram, Ram,' and then by some stalls where various things, some connected with worship, were being sold. At length we reached the Mission tent. Thank God, in the midst of that dark Mela the light of the Gospel was shining. Here, all day long, relays of preachers, English and Indian, were telling the good tidings to all who would listen. We sat for a time within the tent, while a young Indian Christian, then a missionary, and then Mr. Nihal Singh, an Indian clergyman, preached. Quite a large number of the passers-by stopped to listen, among them several Sadhus with ash-covered faces and matted hair. I counted eleven of these men at one time among the listening crowd, and one even sitting down within the tent, others standing outside. Portions

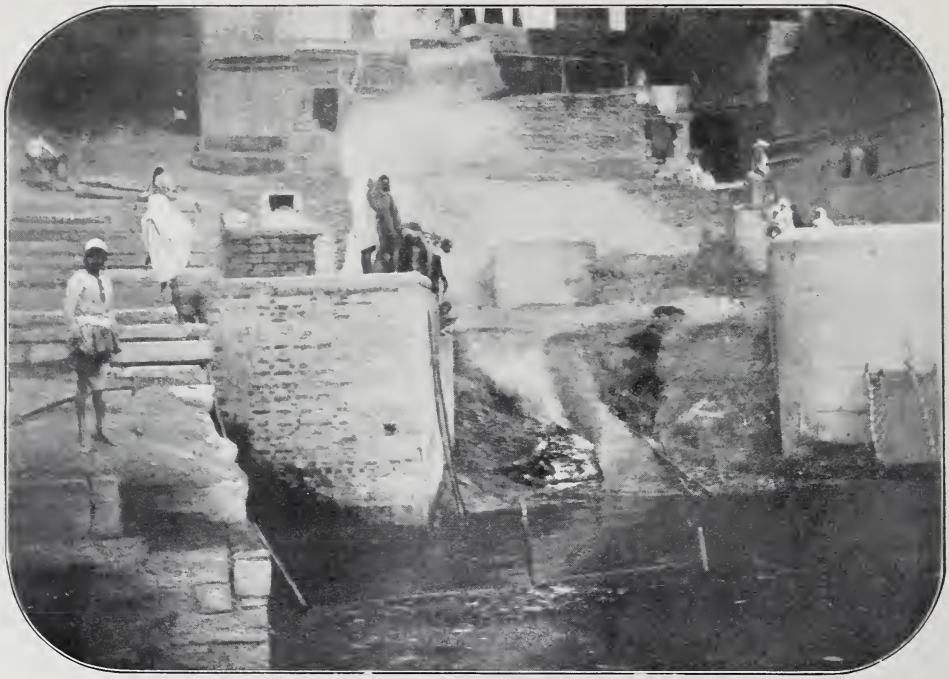
The Mission Tent at the Mela.

Benares from the River.

of Scripture and tracts are sold to all who will buy, but we were told that not more than twenty per cent. of these 'holy men' can read. At last it was time to go away, and we turned our backs on the Mela, feeling that we had had a sight of Heathenism which can never be forgotten. We took several snapshots with our kodak, which I am glad to be able to show you in our pictures.

A day or two later we left Allahabad, and travelled through prettily wooded country, with crops looking green and fresh, thanks to the rain which had fallen, and in a few hours reached Benares.

And now, how shall I write, and what words shall I use to describe our visit to the city of Benares? Nothing I can say will give you the very least idea of the grossness, the darkness, the vileness of the Heathendom of that city 'full of idols.' I have seen Heathenism in Japan, in China, in



The Burning Ghat at Benares.

Ceylon, in North India, but never have I seen anything so appalling in its degradation as that which we witnessed in Benares. Truly, it seems a spot where the Evil One has so deluded the minds of men that they have sunk in their worship to the very lowest depths of degradation. And yet this is *the* holy city of the Hindus, a place to die within ten miles of which is to ensure salvation to *any* one, except a Christian. Yes, these sights of horror, these degraded objects of worship, belong to that Hindu religion which some people at home would have us believe is full of lofty teaching, or, at all events, is 'good enough' for those who follow it, and they would have us refrain from telling these people of Christ Jesus the Saviour of the world. Let those who say such things visit Benares, and there see with their own eyes this horrible idolatry, from which we long to turn those Hindus to the worship of the Holy and Pure God, and to tell them of the cleansing blood of Christ.

One morning we drove to a place where a steep bank led down to the edge of the Ganges. Here we left the carriage and entered a boat. We kept along the shore for some distance, passing the various 'Ghats,' or flights of steps.

There was the burning ghat, where a body was being burnt, while above on a sort of stone stand sat the relatives and friends who were looking on. Then there were numbers of bathing ghats, where crowds of men and women, yes, and even children, were bathing in the sacred waters which they say will wash away all sin. Wooden platforms stretched out into the river, and on these the bathers sat after coming out of the water to rearrange their toilet and to put the various marks on their foreheads, etc. It was a scene full of life and animation, but, at the same time, one that filled our hearts with sadness. From our boat we saw in front men

The Bathing Steps at Benares.

plunging in the water, covering even their heads at times; women in their sarees also bathing, and then changing to dry garments as they came out. Umbrellas of matting studded the bank behind, under which sat men, who act as a kind of priests to advise the bathers and worshippers, and who make much money out of them. Then along the bank were countless shrines containing hideous idols, some large, some small. Behind long flights of steps rose up, with bathers passing up and down them, and an occasional fakir going along, or a sacred Brahman bull strolling about. And then above them all rose the carved roofs of numberless temples.

At length we landed and left the boat. We climbed up the steep flight of steps, and entered the narrow streets of the city, which were literally crowded with idols and objects of worship, trees and stones. Shrines were in countless numbers, containing idols of the most horrible and repulsive forms. I cannot say which one was most frequent. Perhaps I noticed chiefly Hanuman the monkey god, Ganesa the elephant-headed god, and the hideous black images of Kali.

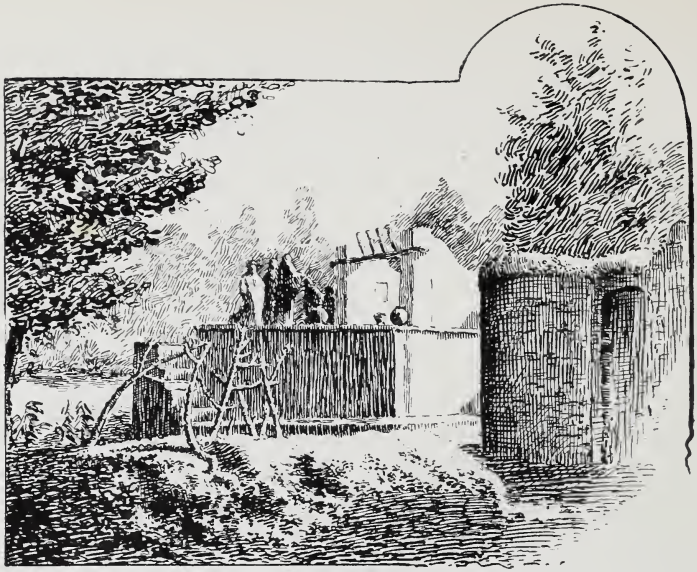
As we neared the Golden Temple the crowd became denser. An endless stream of worshippers passed to and fro. Men and women carried trays and baskets with the various instruments for puja, or worship. A brass cup of water with a spoon, a saucer of rice or grain, and some yellow, or white, or pink flowers. As they passed each shrine they sprinkled on it some water with the spoon, and threw to the god some flowers and rice. Inside a courtyard near the great temple was an open hall. There were seated several priests at puja, each with his little god covered with flowers in front of him: with the ringing of a bell, or the blowing of a concha shell, the puja was carried on, and then the sacred book was read.

In one corner of this hall was a well, called the 'water of wisdom.' Into this the worshippers threw flowers, and out of it a priest drew water, which each one drank as he or she passed. We were not allowed to look into it, but were told that the water was filthy with decaying vegetable matter. Yet this filth they drink to take away sin. Outside was a huge red figure of a sacred bull, and strolling about were sacred live cattle.

Oh! how I wish the scene in that courtyard could be realized in Christian England—surely it would stir the hearts of those at home to send to those people the news of a Saviour's love. As we stood there we

watched crowds of worshippers going through their round of puja. Five times they walk round the sacred well, making their offerings and drinking the water. From one shrine or idol to another they pass, sprinkling each with water and throwing a flower. Even the live cattle get sprinkled in this way. Just at the back of the hall rose the gilded towers of the Golden Temple. We looked through a hole in the wall, and from a roof near had a sight of the men and women passing in and out, but no one who is not a Hindu may go inside. It was strange to notice how the worshippers shrank away from us, not to be polluted by our touch. On the next roof we saw monkeys climbing about, for that is the monkey temple, where those animals are worshipped. All down the street idolatry was constantly seen, and men and women were bending low before one god after another. At the threshold of the Golden Temple they would bow down, even touching the ground with the forehead. A few yards farther on was the cow temple. Into this we looked, though not allowed to go more than just inside the door. Here not only were idols being worshipped, but lazy, dirty cattle wandered about, to whom the worshippers give flowers to eat, yes, and even yield worship to these beasts. Outside was sitting a man who has taken a vow of silence, thinking thus to win salvation. A little farther on we passed out of the city, but the horror of that walk through its streets, in the midst of a very stronghold of Satan, is a thing never to be forgotten. The stream of worshippers, the flower-covered idols, the numbers of the people—some of whom, if very devout, will visit as many as thirty temples in a day—and then the hideousness and the number of the gods, of which Benares is said to contain half a million, and the degradation of the worship, were all sights to make one shudder.

One bright spot there was among it all. The missionary with us had a bundle of tracts with him, which he gave away in various places. And more than once men came running after us, begging that they too might have a copy. This chapter is, I fear, very dark and sad, but it cannot be otherwise, telling as it does of such black Heathenism. May I ask that all who read it may be led in future, even more than in the past, to plead with God in prayer for these centres of idolatry, and to ask Him that into this darkness the light of His Gospel may shine, and souls be 'turned from dumb idols, to serve the living and true God'?



Indian Village Well.

CHAPTER X.

ON BOTH SIDES THE PURDAH.

SO far we have seen very little of the work of women missionaries among their Indian sisters. As it was Christmas time when we were in the Punjab the girls at Mission schools were mostly away for their holidays, and so full had we been of other sights that I was not able in the north to see anything of the work in the zenanas. But during our stay in the North-West Provinces and in Bengal I saw more of the work among the women.

One day in Agra I went with two of our lady missionaries into the city. We went first to a school of Mohammedan girls, and heard them sing some hymns and say the Ten Commandments, etc. Then they garlanded us, putting wreaths of yellow and white flowers round our necks. The school was in a sort of verandah in a courtyard opening on to a little back street. The children have wonderful powers of learning by heart, and it was nice to feel that what they learnt they repeated in their own homes. This school is but one among many carried on by the missionary ladies in the city.

Then we went on to visit a Hindu zenana. We drove through narrow streets, and then got out and walked down an alley. We went into a house

and up a narrow, dark stair, and so into a room where a group of some eight women and a number of children soon gathered together and listened while one of the ladies talked to them. One woman was learning to read the Gospel, and most of them listened attentively. The old grandmother in the house showed me a beautiful gold and pearl nose ring,

Missionary Teaching in a Zenana.

In a Village Courtvard.

which was evidently her most valued possession. We visited, too, the house of a Moslem lady of high rank, whose two daughters are both readers.

Two days later I went with the wife of a missionary to a village about three miles from the city. An Indian Bible-woman came with us, who had visited there while the English missionaries were in England. The first house to which we went had a little courtyard, in which we sat on a charpoy, or native bed, while the women, about ten of them,

Indian Village Street.

sat around on the ground. One of them remembered a good deal that she had heard before from the Bible-women. The next house belonged to a very wealthy man, and the ladies were covered with handsome jewellery, on arms, ankles, feet, etc. Here we sat—out in the open court—we on a charpoy, they on a kind of stone shelf.

The third house was much poorer. The woman had learnt to read from her husband, who, thirty years ago, was a student at St. John's College, Agra. She seemed to be just drinking in the Gospel story. But she found it hard to understand how Jesus Christ, with all His power, could allow men to kill Him with such a cruel death. 'Why did He not prevent it?' she asked. The great measure of His infinite love to us seemed more than she could grasp. At the last house which we visited there was only one woman. We sat out in the open courtyard, while dear little squirrels ran down from the trees and played around us. At each house a native bhajan or hymn was first sung, and then the English lady and the Bible-woman talked each in turn to those assembled, sometimes showing a Scripture picture, sometimes without. It gave one such an insight into this village work, and one realized how ready the women are to listen. But among the hundreds of villages around there what *can* such a little band of workers do? Truly the harvest is plenteous, but there, as everywhere else in those heathen lands, the labourers are so few.

Then at Secundra, near Agra, we saw the C.M.S. Orphanage, with over 300 boys and girls, the larger proportion of them having been taken in during the famine of 1897. Then many were too weak to stand; now they look plump and well. We went over the various workshops, where trades

Boys at Secundra Orphanage.

are taught—shoe-making, weaving, etc.—and to see the printing-press, which stands within the building raised over the tomb of Miriam, who is said to have been the Christian wife of the Emperor Akbar.

Before passing on from Agra I must tell you of one other missionary sight which I had while there, though it does not belong to 'women's work.' On a Sunday evening I went into the city with one of the missionaries to the Hinky Mundi, a little Mission Hall, where a tho-

Girls at Secundra Orphanage.

roughly native meeting takes place each Sunday night. About a hundred people were present—a dozen women and about as many children, the rest men: most of them were Christians, but Heathen gathered round the doorways to listen. All sat on the floor in irregular groups, and a band of native instruments led the singing of native bhajans or hymns to weird minor tunes. There were two or three drums of various kinds, a sort of fiddle, and two things rather like banjos. The singing was very strange, but it is just what the people like. There were some prayers, reading of Scripture and plenty of singing, and then the missionary spoke to them on the feeding of the four thousand. After the service some inquirers were brought up by the catechist, and by a Native Christian who had first spoken to one of them, and the missionary catechized them. A great deal of the sermon, too, was in the question and answer style, as great simplicity is needed for these people. It was altogether most interesting, and one felt what a power for good is that little room. God's real blessing has rested on the work there, and it is glorious to think of many souls who have there been brought 'out of darkness into His marvellous light.'

Another branch of women's work we saw during our stay at Allahabad. This was the Converts' Home, under the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission ladies, where about twenty women with such bright faces are being trained as teachers and Bible-women.

When stopping at Benares we went to see some of the missionary institutions at Sigra, outside the city. We first visited the C.M.S. Girls' High School, where about a hundred girls sang us some bhajans, and we afterwards saw the dormitories, in which they sleep on low wooden beds about three inches from the mud floor. Next we visited the Orphanage, where about eighty girls are being cared for. About half of them came in the 1897 famine time. They too sang to us, and then we saw where *they* sleep on a sort of mud shelf raised about a foot from the ground, on which they lay their mats. From here we went to the Christian cemetery, and saw several graves of missionaries; and then we went through the Christian village of Sigra, with its little cottages, church, parish school, etc. This was started many years ago, when Christians were so much persecuted that it was almost impossible for them to live among the Heathen. Now the need no longer exists, but still there are several of these Christian villages which remain from past times. It was nice to have this peep of the

missionary work on the outskirts of that great heathen city, with al its darkness, ignorance, and superstition.

While at Benares I visited some more zenanas with a missionary of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission and one of her helpers. We went to three houses. First, a large Bengali house, where the little girls were learning English reading as well as Urdu, and also sewing. Then to another house where the zenana quarter was quite away from the rest of the building, and the women live in little rooms round an open courtyard. We saw the mother, three daughters-in-law, and several children. The youth of Hindu mothers is very striking; often they are mere girls of sixteen. In the third house the zenana part was upstairs. These ladies were not so closely secluded as the others. They too, both mother and daughters, were taught sewing, and the girls learnt to read. In all these houses, of course, besides this secular teaching the Bible was taught, and was listened to very earnestly.

From Benares a night's train journey took us to Calcutta, the great Metropolis of India. It is a very imposing city, with fine streets and buildings. People of every nationality seem to be congregated in it.

A Street in Calcutta.

While in Calcutta we saw various departments of missionary work. One morning we visited the Divinity School in the old 'Cathedral Mission' buildings, dating back to early days of Mission work in Calcutta.

More than one of the Mission churches we also saw, and the boys' school, where there is good provision, not only for the lessons, but also for the play of the boys—gymnasium, swimming bath, fives court, etc. We went as well to the C.M.S. Girls' School. Being a Saturday holiday, the girls were not at work, but those who were there sang a Bengali hymn.

The same day we drove out about six miles to the Church of England Zenana Society's house at Baranagar, for the prize-giving to the children of a number of district schools. About three hundred little ones were there. Such bright-eyed pretty little things, gaily dressed in brilliant sarees, and adorned with jewels. On some quite tiny girls one saw the red mark in the parting of the hair, a sign that they were married. The children were nearly all from heathen homes, the parents being willing for them to receive Christian teaching. Some of the children recited prettily action recitations in Bengali or Hindi. Then their prizes were given to them, and afterwards a doll and some sweets to each child. It was a pretty sight to see the rows of these brightly clad little people seated on the grass.

Our last day in Calcutta I went with one of the Church of England Zenana Society's ladies to see a Mohammedan lady in her zenana. She was dressed in the most beautiful saree of soft silk, shaded rainbow fashion in blue, yellow, and pink, and with a pretty border. In the courtyard another young lady was having new glass bangles put on. It was strange to see how the hand can be squeezed so as to get them over it. From there we went to see a missionary home for Indian widows. Some were in their classes, learning to read or having Bible lessons.

Our visit to India was over. Six weeks we had spent in that land, seeing countless sights of interest. But one could not leave it just as we had come to it. We had seen something of the vast needs of that land, of its idolatry, its superstition, its sin. And you who have been these thought-journeys with me, have through my eyes (and my kodak!) seen a little, too, of those needs. The responsibility of more knowledge is now ours. May God help each one of us to use that responsibility aright, and to seek more than ever to send to our Indian fellow-subjects the news of Christ's love, so that His kingdom in that land may be increased.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE EMERALD ISLE OF THE EAST.

Two Tamil Women, Ceylon.

SLOWLY we steamed down the river Hoogly, between its low banks covered with jungle. Now and again we anchored to wait for the tide, for the mud banks make navigation very difficult. At last, after two nights and nearly two days, during which mosquitos from the shore devoured us, we reached the open sea. Four lovely days across the blue waters of the Bay of Bengal, and then along the shores of Ceylon, within sight of its beautiful mountains inland and its green border of cocoa-nut groves along the coast, and then we anchored in Colombo harbour.

Let me try and describe something of the beauty of that lovely 'Emerald Isle.' True indeed it is of Ceylon, 'every prospect pleases.' The exquisite beauty of the verdure baffles description. Countless palm trees grow on every side; flowers of every hue, such as would be seen in English hothouses, blossom in the gardens and hedges; luxuriant creepers and undergrowth link the trees together. The soil is mostly a rich red, but the roads are usually in deep shade,

A Ceylon Bullock Cart.

owing to the overhanging trees. The intense damp of the air makes everything fresh and green. Along the roads one sees many a strange new sight. Great lumbering bullock carts, covered with cocoa-nut leaf thatch; rickshaws, looking like large mail carts or small hansom cabs, drawn by dusky men instead of horses; Singhalese men, with round hair combs such as little children wear at home, pass along clad in white coat and petticoat, their long hair being twisted into a knot at the back of the head. Singhalese women are to be seen with low-cut white bodices showing their brown necks, and bright coloured cloths twisted on as a sort of petticoat. There are Tamil women, too, wearing their bright sarees. Frequently one sees a yellow-clad Buddhist priest, his robe made of square pieces sewn together, so that he may be said to dress in rags, according to his vow of poverty. His head is shaved and he carries a fan of palm leaf. The blue sky overhead, the red soil below, the rich green of the foliage, the bright coloured clothes of the people and the yellow robes of the priests, tend to make up a scene of beauty and life and colour. But sadly one thinks of the words which follow in that hymn which describes the beauty, as one remembers that here indeed 'man is vile,' for here the Buddhist priests are deceiving the people and leading them to gross idolatry, and here, even worse, the worship of the Evil One himself holds sway, and superstitions of demon worship are a strong force among the people of this lovely island.

One morning we left Colombo by an early train for Dodanduwa, a large fishing village where some lady missionaries are at work. The line ran along by the sea for the whole distance, and we could see the bright blue water with white surf breaking over coral reefs along the coast. The whole way we passed through cocoa-nut groves. The trees sometimes grew right out of the sand of the beach; at other times, if farther inland, they rose from thick undergrowth and jungle.

About 11 o'clock we reached Dodanduwa, where one of the lady missionaries met us, and drove us off in her 'bull-cart,' a covered vehicle drawn by a diminutive bullock, which trotted along finely. We drove down the long village street, a lovely road with quaint thatched houses and queer little shops nestling beneath very beautiful cocoa-nut trees. We stopped in passing to see two little Mission day-schools, one for girls and one for boys, and then went on to the Mission-house.

A Group of Singhalese.

In the afternoon we went across the compound and saw two other day schools for boys and girls. Nearly all the children come from strict Buddhist homes. The heat out of doors was very great and the power of the sun terrible, and we just rushed across from one building to another as quickly as possible. Later on, we visited the industrial work which goes on after school hours. There were in one room between forty and fifty little girls learning lace-making with pillows and bobbins. Some of the patterns and work were lovely, the older girls, who were acting as teachers, being most clever lace makers.

In the boys' workshop, some were doing carpentry and joiners' work. Others were at wood carving, and some learning to be tailors; then, in another room, printing and book-binding were going on. All who come to learn this industrial work get definite Bible teaching, and so many are reached who would not be so otherwise.

Next day we left Colombo for Kandy. First we travelled across a flat plain covered with rice-fields and groves of palms, bananas, etc. The heat at first was very great, but after about two hours we reached the foot of the mountains, and up these the train slowly ascended till we were nearly 2,000 feet above sea-level, and the air became much cooler. The mountains rose in lovely blue peaks, and the views were most beautiful. Dense jungle was passed through in some parts, and the fresh green of the foliage and the gorgeous colours of the flowers were sometimes most exquisite. The line is a fine piece of engineering. At one point it goes along the sheer face of a rock into which it is cut, with a precipice below.

A large number of Buddhist priests were in our train, bringing some Buddhist relics from Burmah. A great crowd of priests and people met them at Kandy, and an elephant richly decked, and with a sort of casket on his back, was waiting for them, and men with torches ready to light and carry in procession. It made one realize what a hold Buddhism has on the people of Ceylon.

Two Street Scenes, Nuwara Eliya.

After a short stay in Kandy, during which we met many missionary friends, we went to Nuwara Eliya, a place right up in the mountains, and the great health resort of Ceylon. The journey at first was very hot, as we passed through rice fields and cocoa-nut groves, but before long we began to ascend rapidly, with one engine in front of the train and one behind. Soon we had left palm-trees behind, and found ourselves in the midst of the tea-growing country. The hill sides were laid out in plantations of tea plants. We must have seen thousands of acres covered in this way. Sometimes we saw groups of Tamils picking the leaves, and here and there was an isolated bungalow, the home of a planter.

By the time we reached the height of 4,500 feet it felt quite chilly. We left the train at Nanu-oya station, and from there took a carriage for

five miles. We drove first through thick forest and jungle where the mixture of vegetation was strange, the hedges looking quite Devonshire like, with brambles, etc., and yet lovely tree-ferns growing here and there. The views of mountains around were glorious. At last we came out on an open plateau surrounded by hills. English-looking houses were dotted about. Numbers of English people were driving or playing tennis : English children were out walking, boys were playing at cricket. The air was crisp and fresh, and as we enjoyed a wood fire in the hotel drawing-room it was hard to realize one was in Ceylon.

Soon after arriving at Nuwara Eliya we walked across the golf links. Here we found arum lilies growing wild, much as daffodils do at home. But close by in a little brook was real English water-cress, while climbing over a tree near by were white and mauve passion flowers, and along the road-side were huge bushes of bright yellow sweet-smelling gorse.

Next morning we started soon after 7.30 to walk up Mount Pedro, the highest mountain in Ceylon. Nuwara Eliya is about 6,300 feet above sea-level, and Pedro rises about 2,000 feet higher. The road led, at the back of our hotel, up through forest and jungle right to the top.

It was a good path, ascending in zig-zag the whole way. We passed some lovely flowers, white violets, blue forget-me-nots, etc. Then there were trees of rhododendron with dark crimson flowers coming out in some places. Sometimes we crossed pretty little brooks which splashed over the stones: except for that sound and an occasional note of a bird there was utter silence. We were told that there are plenty of wild animals in these forests—leopards, cheetahs, elephants, monkeys, etc.—but in the day-time they are not to be seen.

Arums at Nuwara Eliya.

We saw traces of them, however: in some parts the undergrowth was broken down as though some large animal, perhaps an elephant or an elk, had made its way through, and once or twice on soft ground we came across footmarks which looked like a cheetah.

It was a very shady walk, and the air was cool and invigorating. In about an hour and a quarter we reached the top. The view was magnificent—all Ceylon seemed below us. Below lay Nuwara Eliya and its lake, and around us on every side was range upon range of forest-clothed mountains. Adam's Peak, the sacred place of pilgrimage which thousands climb, to worship in a temple at the top, stood up sharp against the blue sky. Far away on one side we could dimly see the sea, and towards the north and west the plains were visible beyond the mountains. One realized what a very hilly region is this central part of the island. Even while we were up there clouds began to rise, hiding the distant view. The mist ascends from the plains when the heat of the day begins, and so comes up in clouds upon the mountains.

How lovely it all looked, and yet how full of sadness, as we remembered that the people of that beautiful island were mostly dark idolaters, worshipping gods of wood and stone.

Another day, while staying in that beauteous spot, we drove to Hakgalle to see the Botanical Gardens. It was an exquisite drive, first round Nuwara Eliya lake, and between the mountains, amidst forests, waterfalls, and other glorious scenery. We had, too, grand views of distant ranges of hills away to the east. In the garden were many fine trees and interesting tropical plants, besides beautiful flowers.

Lake at Nuwara Eliya.

By the Golf Links, Nawara Eliya. (*See page* 93.)

One night in the train took us back to Colombo.

Our brief visit to Ceylon was almost at an end, but before leaving we paid visits to three Mission schools. First we saw the C.M.S. Girls' College, which had just been opened ; then we drove on to Cotta, a Mission station a few miles from Colombo, where we had the pleasure of meeting not only the missionary in charge, with his wife and daughters, but also several of the Singhalese clergy and workers, with their wives. We also saw, too, the girls of the boarding-school.

The drive to Cotta and back was very lovely : the vegetation is so luxuriant—cocoa-nut trees, bananas, and many others—the road was quite covered over in places, like a green arcade. The morning before we sailed we visited another Mission day-school, that for Singhalese girls in Colombo. There were about fifty present, mostly from heathen homes, and they answered questions on their Bible lesson for the day so nicely, and also repeated some texts. That afternoon we left the Mission-house soon after 4 o'clock and drove to the jetty, from which we went by the launch to the P. & O. steamer, arriving just in time before a thunderstorm began. There was a great deal of vivid lightning, and the heat was intense. But at last down came torrents of rain, which made it a good deal cooler.

It was in the midst of the darkness of the rain and storm that we weighed anchor, and bid farewell to lovely Ceylon. But as the cooling shower came down, bringing refreshment to the heated air, it seemed a picture of those showers of blessing which we feel sure God is going to send on that land. Let us not forget Ceylon in our prayers, but ask God to send His Holy Spirit into the hearts of many of those who live there, to convict them of their sinfulness, and to bring them out of darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto Himself.

Along the Decks.

CHAPTER XII.

MISSIONARY FOOTPRINTS ON ITALIAN SOIL.

IT was on Thursday, February 15th, that we sailed from Colombo, and, after a perfectly calm passage across the Indian Ocean, we reached Aden just a week later. After stopping there a few hours, during which time we watched many horrid-looking reddish-brown sharks swimming round the vessel, we steamed away once more, through the narrow and dangerous Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and then up the Red Sea to Suez, and so through the Suez Canal, till at length Port Said was reached.

We had now reached the last stage of our missionary journey; not that we were to visit any more centres of work at the present day, but that we were to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of St. Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Truly a fitting close to the missionary sights we had seen.

Sunny skies and calm blue seas had been left behind us in the tropics, and when we sailed from Port Said away into the Mediterranean, grey cloudy skies and sea of daily increasing roughness were anything but a pleasant change. Yet with it all was the interest of being in the Apostle's

footprints as we sighted the coast of Crete (Acts xxvii. 7), and then the rocky coast of southern Italy, and so, leaving Sicily and Syracuse on our left, and Reggio (the ancient Rhegium) on our right (Acts xxviii. 12, 13), we passed through the Straits of Messina, and between the rock Scylla on the Italian coast and the whirlpool Charybdis. All the main features of the landscape must be just the same now, as in the days when St. Paul followed that same route in the ship *Castor and Pollux*—the same rocky coasts, the same towering form of Mount Etna with smoke coming out of its summit, the same narrow straits which even with modern steamships require careful navigation; and as we saw the foaming, tossing water of the great whirlpool we realized what danger lay in it to the sailing ships of former days. Then in rough seas we crossed the Gulf of Lions. As I lay in my berth on the last night before landing at Marseilles, with the ship tossing about, the boards creaking and crockery crashing, I thought of the wonderful description of the Mediterranean storm which we read in Acts xxvii., and well I understood how the Apostle and those with him 'wished for the day' (ver. 29).

General View of Rome from the Pincian Hill.

The Appian Way.

As we were obliged to land at Marseilles, we had to travel thence by train, and so reached Rome from the north. But after our stay in that city we visited Naples, and there on the shores of that lovely bay we could realize something of what St. Paul saw when he first landed in Italy. It was at Puzzoli, then Puteoli (Acts xxviii. 13), that he first stepped on Italian soil, and his eyes rested on one of the most lovely landscapes of southern Europe. It is but little changed since those days; the rocky shore and islands, the blue waters, are all the same. Across the bay rises now as then the cone of Mount Vesuvius, but in this there is a change. Then the mountain was covered with verdure; none knew that the fire beneath its crest was but sleeping. But a few short years after it burst forth with terrific force, and overwhelmed beneath mud and ashes the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum at its foot.

From Puteoli St. Paul travelled along the Appian Way to the gates of Rome. That ancient road, bordered as it is by tombs, still exists, and in some parts the old pavement is yet visible. One afternoon during our visit to Rome we drove for some distance along it, past a curious circular tower which was built by the triumvir Crassus as a tomb for his wife about 2,000 years ago.

Gate of San Sebastian at Entrance to Appian Way.

It was indeed wonderful to feel that one was on the very road, passing some of the same buildings, by which the great Apostle had entered the Imperial city as a prisoner.

But I must say a little about our visit to Rome itself. There, on every side, were sights which brought to one's mind thoughts of St. Paul. Truly it was not easy to find out what was true and what was false among the countless legends, both of St. Paul and St. Peter, which abound there; but still there were many sites about which such strong traditions have clung for hundreds of years that one could not but feel that they seem to bear the mark of truth.

It was deeply interesting to walk on the Palatine Hill among the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars. There, amid an ungodly court, doubtless lived those 'saints' which were 'of Cæsar's household' who sent greetings to the Philippian Christians (Phil. iv. 22). There, too, in the Hall of Justice, is, some writers think, the place where St. Paul's first trial took place, where no *man* stood by him, but the Lord stood with him and strengthened him, and there the spot where his acquittal was pronounced when he was 'delivered out of the mouth of the lion,' as the cruel Emperor Nero might well be called (2 Tim. iv. 16, 17). There, too, in the Forum, through which St. Paul must have passed on first entering Rome, we saw the ruins of another

The Palace of the Cæsars, Palatine Hill.

hall, the Basilica Julia, where some think that the second trial and condemnation of the Apostle took place. Not far from this we visited the Mamertine Prison, a dark underground stone chamber, with a well in the centre of the pavement. Here it is thought that St. Paul was confined during his second imprisonment. A hole in the ceiling, through which prisoners were let down by ropes, was formerly the only entrance, yet in this horrible, dark damp cell, it is supposed by some writers that St. Paul wrote his second Epistle to Timothy.

Even though the exact site of his martyrdom may not be certain, one could not but feel a thrill of deep interest when we went to the spot outside the city walls where it is stated to have taken place, and then passed on within the beautiful church erected over the tomb where his body is said to be buried. How wonderfully the Gospel has spread since the days of that first great missionary to the Gentiles, till now his name is honoured and his writings read in all parts of the world, and, better still, the name of the Master he served and for whose sake he laid down his life.

But our thoughts in Rome were led not only to St. Paul, but to other members of the early Christian Church. One of the most interesting places we saw was the Coliseum, that great amphitheatre where gladiatorial games were held, and where probably very many Christian martyrs met their death. It was impossible to stand unmoved as we gazed on that enclosure, where that cry must often have been heard, 'The Christians to the lions!'

The Forum from the Palatine Hill.

The Coliseum.

Outside the city walls we saw yet another spot of sacred interest—the catacombs, long underground passages and vaults. Here those early followers of our Master used to bury their dead in little shelves in the walls closed by slabs of stone. Here, too, in times of bitter persecution they sometimes took refuge from their enemies.

But what of the religion of the Heathen of the city in those ancient days? We visited many ruins of old temples dedicated to the gods and goddesses worshipped at that time—to Jupiter, Venus, Castor and Pollux, Vesta, Hercules, Minerva, Neptune, and many another. In most cases their temples were in ruins, and their images either broken and fallen, or sometimes placed in museums, where one could not but admire the beauty of their sculpture, though one grieved to think that they were once worshipped as gods. Sometimes, however, the temples were not in ruins,

but had been rebuilt, not now as heathen temples, but as Christian churches, a proof of how the power of the Gospel has conquered the gods of ancient Rome.

There was one relic of old days of idolatry which was specially strange and interesting. On the Palatine Hill we saw an altar dedicated 'to the unknown god.' How it made us think of St. Paul at Athens where he saw a similar sight (Acts xvii. 23). Such altars were by no means uncommon. Historians of those past days tell us that the people were so afraid of leaving out some god or goddess that they thought they ought to worship, that they built altars to unknown deities.

Temple of Saturn in the Forum. *Altar to the Unknown God.*

From what I have told you, you can understand how full our visit to Rome was of missionary interest, telling as it did of those early Christian days. We had seen in India missionary work, its aim, its difficulties, its successes at the present day, and in Rome we could realize how alike it is now to the work which was carried on nearly 1,900 years ago.

Of the rest of our journey homeward I have not space to tell you: we reached England again on April 11th.

But now I want you who have come with me on this long missionary thought-journey to ask yourselves what difference it is to make in your lives. Fresh knowledge means fresh responsibility. Through my eyes you have, I hope, gleaned some fresh knowledge of the needs of the heathen and Moslem world. What part are we going to take in meeting those needs? Shall we think for a few moments of the words of the great missionary whose footsteps we have just been following?

In writing to the Ephesian Christians (Eph. iii. 8) you will see what a high honour he felt it to be permitted to be the messenger of Christ to the Gentiles. 'This grace,' he says, was given to him that he 'should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.'

Do we all realize that this is the highest honour God can give to us, to be His messengers, carrying His 'good tidings' to those who know it not? He might command angels to proclaim the Gospel far and wide throughout the earth, but He does not: He allows that privilege to us simple men and women, so that we who know the joy of having come to the Saviour for pardon of our own sins may have the further joy of telling to others who know Him not, that His blood was also shed for them.

But besides being our privilege this work is also our duty: we are 'put in trust with the Gospel.' This glorious message of salvation is a sacred charge committed to us to be used to God's praise by being spread abroad. We are His stewards in this matter, to whom He has given this precious gift. See what St. Paul says in 1 Cor. iv. 2: 'It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.'

Let us stop for a moment to ask, 'Are we being faithful stewards?' The Church of Christ has not been a faithful steward: if she had been, we should not have to mourn over half the world having never heard of the Saviour's love nearly 1,900 years after He commanded His followers to 'Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'

The power of God is as great to conquer the powers of darkness as it ever was. We have seen the idols of Egypt broken and fallen as the Lord foretold, we have looked on many a ruined temple and god in Rome; the worship of all those ancient deities, of Osiris, or Horus, or Jupiter, or Venus, has passed away, and the power which has cast them down has been, not the power of man, 'not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' That mighty force is still as powerful to

overthrow the worship of Vishnu, or Siva, or Hanuman. No, the lack is not on God's side, but on ours.

Alas! it is we individual members of Christ's Church who must sorrowfully confess that we have not been faithful stewards; we are too often content to keep the good news of redemption to ourselves, instead of telling it to others.

To all of us is not given the privilege of going in person to tell it out among the Heathen. But among those who read this book may there not be some whom God is calling to 'go' either now or at some future time? At all events, let us each one ask God to show us quite clearly where He wants us to work for Him, and then 'whatsoever He' says to us let us 'do it.'

But if He calls us to stay at home we may still aim at being faithful stewards. Many a talent has He given us to use for Him—our time, our money, our influence. In the list given of God's workers in 1 Cor. xii. 28, 29, occur not only the names of the great ones, apostles, miracles, governments, etc., but also that of 'helps.' Every one of us can at all events be one of these 'helps' in God's great missionary cause, it may be by our gifts or our work, but at least by that best of all ways, by our prayers. Look once more at some words of St. Paul, in 2 Cor. i. 11: 'Ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons thanks may be given by many on our behalf.'

What a joy to feel that *we* may thus be linked with the missionaries in all lands, so that as God's Spirit helps them to lead souls from darkness to light we may rejoice with them, knowing that by our prayers we have had *our* share in the blessed work.

Let us then each one ask Him to teach us by His Holy Spirit how best we can fulfil our glorious duty and privilege as His stewards, to whom He has entrusted His Gospel. Then when that joyous day shall come when our Master shall return to reign on this earth, we may each of us not only have the happiness of being ourselves among the company of those whose sins have been washed away in Christ's blood, but may see among that throng, gathered from every land, many a soul once Heathen whom by our words or gifts or prayers we have helped to bring to our Lord and King. May He in that day be able to say to us, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

Special
92-B
1556